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A MODERN PYRAMID:

TO COMMEMORATE

A SEPTUAGINT OF WORTHIES.

A

MODERN

PYRAMID:

TO COMMEMORATE

A SEPTUAGINT OF WORTHIES.

BY

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, ESQ. M. A.

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"——VIRTUTEM INCOLUMEM ODIMUS,
SUBLATAM EX OCULIS QUÆRIMUS INVIDI."

HORACE.

"THE MULTITUDE OF THE WISE IS THE WELFARE OF THE WORLD." SOLOMON.

PREFACE.

A PREFACE is allowed to be the writer's privilege, and a short one is believed to be the reader's pleasure: the former, because a little explanation and excuse are matters alike of private benefit and of public courtesy; the latter, because much of these should be left to the suggestions of a charitable world, and curiosity be taxed with no delay on the threshold of a new book.

It may, then, be acceptable, as well as advantageous, briefly to answer a few probable objections on the surface. If any one, looking through the vista of past ages, and taking note of the goodly company of admirable men who from time to time have done honour to humanity, shall accuse us, as perhaps he

may, of an unwise selection, let him be content to know that our worthies, as a whole, have been chosen in furtherance of one special plan, and taken as individuals, were men generally excellent in their generation. If a protest be made, as perhaps it will, against a mingling of characters and subjects, sacred with profane, let it be noted, that, the order of time having been followed, such a mixture was unavoidable. If the moral of the book be sought for, let it be found in the perusal: and if a man desire to judge aright, let him in candour hear us to the end.

By some minds, the very different styles of the introductory Vision and succeeding pages will be objected as incongruous; let such consider the difference of subjects, and neither expect Fancy to be wingless, a mere Musa pedestris, nor Judgment to walk in Mercury's talaria.

With respect to the prose portion of the volume, many readers may be disappointed at finding it made up of brief essays, mixing fact with speculation, instead of sober biography condensed from Encyclopædias; many more will most assuredly be

offended at the exhibition of the author's politics, although these are not the result of party spirit, but of deliberate conviction; some again may think differently on religious topics, or vote for their exclusion altogether; others may draw opposite inferences from the same historical questions; while a last class of hypothetical readers may perceive evil where none was meant, or overlook what is intended to do good.

As to the poetical part, objections may be urged against the exclusive adoption of the sonnet, in preference to the varieties of lyric composition: but the writer has aimed at uniformity, and has selected that mode which he hoped was the most classical, although he has felt it greatly the most difficult.

Where translations occur, those who are not conversant with the classics, and with ancient metres, will have more to bear with, than even the scholar, who may truly accuse us of injustice: the idea of rendering a poet syllable for syllable in his own rhythm is believed to be a new one, and the wiser part of mankind looks upon novelty with suspicion: at any

rate, no more of these close versions have been here presented, than were necessary for making the experiment.

To conclude, let us remember the lesson taught by the too complaisant painter, and not hope for impossible unanimity; let the writer's fashion be as unshackled as the reader's judgment; for he, who attempts to please all, will only compromise his own honesty, and may fail in pleasing any.

THE VISION:

BEING

INTRODUCTORY.

I WAS walking in my garden at noon: and I came to the sun-dial, where, shutting my book, I leaned upon the pedestal, musing; so the thin shadow pointed to twelve.

Of a sudden, I felt a warm sweet breath upon my cheek, and, starting up, in much wonder beheld a face of the most bewitching beauty close beside me, gazing on the dial: it was only a face; and with earnest fear I leaned, stedfastly watching its strange loveliness. Soon, it looked into me with its fascinating eyes, and said mournfully, "Dost thou not know me?"—but I was speechless with astonishment: then it said, "Consider:"—with that, my mind rushed into me like a flood, and I looked, and considered, and speedily vague outlines shaped about, mingled with floating gossamers of colour, until I was aware that a glorious living creature was growing to my knowledge.

So I looked resolutely on her, (for she wore the garb of woman,) gazing still as she grew: and again,

she said mildly, "Consider:"—then I noted that from her jewelled girdle upwards, all was gorgeous, glistening, and most beautiful; her white vest was rarely worked with living flowers, but brighter and sweeter than those of earth; flowing tresses, blacker than the shadows cast by the bursting of a meteor, and, like them, brilliantly interwoven with strings of light, fell in clusters on her fair bosom; her lips were curled with the expression of majestic triumph, yet wreathed winningly with flickering smiles; and the lustre of her terrible eyes, like suns flashing darkness, did bewilder me and blind my reason:—Then I veiled mine eyes with my clasped hands; but again she said, "Consider;"—and bending all my mind to the hazard, I encountered with calmness their steady radiance, although they burned into my brain. Round about her sable locks was as it were a chaplet of fire; her right hand held a double-edged sword of most strange workmanship, for the one edge was of keen steel, and the other as it were the strip of a peacock's feather; on the face of the air about her were phantoms of winged horses, and of racking-wheels: and from her glossy shoulders waved and quivered large dazzling wings of iridescent colours, most glorious to look upon.

So grew she slowly to my knowledge; and as I stood gazing in a rapture, again she muttered sternly, —"Consider!"—Then I looked below the girdle upon her flowing robes: and behold they were of dismal hue, and on the changing surface fluttered fearful

visions: I discerned blood-spots on them, and ghastly eyes glaring from the darker folds, and, when these rustled, were heard stifled moanings, and smothered shrieks as of horror: and I noted that she stood upon a wreath of lightnings, that darted about like a nest of young snakes in the midst of a sullen cloud, black, palpable, and rolling inwards as thick smoke from a furnace.

Then said she again to me, "Dost thou not know me?"—and I answered her,—"O Wonder, terrible in thy beauty, thy fairness have I seen in dreams, and have guessed with a trembling spirit that thou walkest among fears; art thou not that dread Power, whom the children of men have named Imagination?" —And she smiled sweetly upon me, saying, "Yea, my son:" and her smile fell upon my heart like the sun on roses, till I grew bold in my love and said, "O Wonder, I would learn of thee; show me some strange sight, that I may worship thy fair majesty in secret."

Then she stood like a goddess and a queen, and stretching forth her arm, white as the snow and glittering with circlets, slowly beckoned with her sword to the points of the dial. There was a distant rushing sound, and I saw white clouds afar off dropping suddenly and together from the blue firmament all round me in a circle: and they fell to the earth, and rolled onwards, fearfully converging to where I stood; and they came on, on, on, like the galloping cavalry of heaven; pouring in on all sides as huge cataracts

of foam; and shutting me out from the green social world with the awful curtains of the skies.—Then, as my heart was failing me for fear, and for looking at those inevitable strange oncomings, and the fixt eyes of my queenlike mistress, I sent reason from his throne on my brow to speak with it calmly, and took courage.

So stood I alone with that dread beauty by the dial, and the white rolling wall of cloud came on slowly around with suppressed thunderings, and the island of earth on which I stood grew smaller and smaller every moment, and the garden-flowers faded away, and the familiar shrubs disappeared, until the moving bases of those cold mist-mountains were fixed at my very feet. Then said to me the glorious Power, standing in stature as a giant,—"Come! why tarriest thou? Come!"—and instantly there rushed up to us a huge golden throne of light fillagree-work, borne upon seven pinions, whereof each was fledged above with feathers fair and white, but underneath they were ribbed batlike, and fringed with black down: and all around fluttered beautiful winged faces, mingled and disporting with grotesque figures and hideous imps. Then she mounted in her pomp the steps of the throne, and sat therein proudly. Again she said to me, "Come!"—and I feared her, for her voice was terrible; so I threw myself down on the lowest of the seven golden steps, and the border of her dark robe touched me. Then was I full of dread, hemmed about with horrors, and the pinions

rustled together, and we rushed upward like a flame, and the hurricane hastened after us: my heart was as a frozen autumn-leaf quivering in my bosom, and I looked up for help and pity from the mighty Power on her throne; but she spurned me with her black-sandalled foot, and I was thrust from my dizzy seat, and in falling clutched at the silver net-work that lay upon the steps as a carpet,—and so I hung; my hands were stiffly crooked in the meshes like eagle's talons, my wrists were bursting, the bones of my body ached, and I heard the chill whisper of Death, (who came flitting up to me as a sheeted ghost,) bidding my poor heart be still: yet I would live on, I would cling on, though swinging fearfully from that up-rushing throne; for my mind was unsubdued, and my reason would not die, but rebelled against his mandate. And so the pinions flapped away, the dreadful cavalcade of clouds followed, we broke the waterspout, raced the whirlwind, hunted the thunder to his caverns, rushed through the light and wind-tost mountains of the snow, pierced with a crash the thick sea of ice, that like a globe of hollow glass separates earth and its atmosphere from superambient space, and flying forward through the airless void, lighted on another world.

Then triumphed my reason, for I stood on that silent shore fearless though alone, and boldly upbraided the dread Power that had brought me thither,—"Traitress, thou hast not conquered; my mind is still thy master, and if the weaker body failed

me, it hath been filled with new energies in these quickening skies: I am immortal as thou art; yet shalt thou fear me, and heed my biddings: wherefore hast thou dared—?" but my wrathful eye looked on her bewitching beauty, and I had no tongue to chide, as she said in the sobriety of loveliness,—"My son, have I not answered thy prayer? yet but in part; behold, I have good store of precious things to show thee:" with that, she kissed my brow, and I fell into an ecstacy.

I perceived that I was come to the kingdom of disembodied spirits, and they crowded around me as around some strange creature, clustering with earnest looks, perchance to enquire of me somewhat from the world I had just left. Although impalpable, and moving through each other, transparent and half-invisible, each wore the outward shape and seeming garments he had mostly been known by upon earth: and my reason whispered me, this is so, until the resurrection; the seen material form is the last idea which each one hath given to the world, but the glorified body of each shall be as diverse from this, yet being the same, as the gorgeous tulip from its brown bulb, the bird of paradise from his spotted egg, or the spreading beech from the hard nut that had imprisoned it.—Then Imagination stood with me as an equal friend, and spake to me soothingly, saying, "Knowest thou any of these?"—and I answered, "Millions upon millions, a wide-spread inundation of shadowy forms, from martyred Abel to the

still-born babe of this hour I behold the gathered dead; millions upon millions, like the leaves of the western forests, like the blades of grass upon the prairie, they are here crowding innumerable: yet should my spirit know some among them, as having held sweet converse with their minds in books; only this boon, sweet mistress, from yonder mingled harvest of the dead, in grace cull me mine intimates, that I may see them even with my bodily eyes." So she smiled, and waved her fair hand: and at once, a few, a very few, not all worthiest, not all best, came nearer to me with looks of love; and I knew them each one, for I had met and somewhile walked with each of them in the paths of meditation; and some appeared less beatified than others, and some even meanly clad as in garments all of earth, yet I loved them more than the remainder of that crowded world, though not equally, nor yet all for merit, but in that I had sympathy with these as my friends. And each spake kindly to me in his tongue, so that I stood entranced by the language of the spirits. Then said my bright-winged guide, "Hast thou no word for each of these? they love thy greeting, and would hear thee." But I answered, "Alas, beautiful Power, I know but the language of earth, and my heart is cold, and I am slow of tongue: how should I worthily address these great ones?"—So with her finger she touched my lips, and in an inspiration I spake the language of spirits, where the thoughts are as incense to the mind, and the words winged

music to the ear, and the heart is dissolved into streams of joy, as hail that hath wandered to the tropics: in sweetness I communed with them all, and paid my debt of thanks.

And behold, a strange thing, changing the aspect of my vision. It appeared to me, in that dreamy dimness, whereof the judgment enquireth not and reason hath no power to rebuke it, that while I was still speaking unto those great ones, the several greetings I had poured forth in my fervour,—being as it were flowing lava from the volcano of my heart,—became embodied into mighty cubes of crystal; and in the midst of each one severally flickered its spiritual song, like a soul, in characters of fire. So I looked in admiration on that fashioning of thoughts, and while I looked, behold, the shining masses did shape up, growing of themselves into a fair pyramid: and I saw that its eastern foot was shrouded in a mist, and the hither western foot stood out clear and well defined, and the topstone in the middle was more glorious than the rest, and inscribed with a name that might not be uttered; for whereas all the remainder had seemed to be earthborn, mounting step by step as the self-built pile grew wondrously, this only had appeared to drop from above, neither had I welcomed the name it bore in that land of spirits; nevertheless, I had perceived the footmarks of Him, with whose name it was engraved, even on the golden sands of that bright world, and had worshipped them in silence with a welcome.

Thus then stood before me the majestic pyramid of crystal, full of characters flashing heavenly praise; and I gloried in it as mine own building, hailing the architect proudly, and I grew familiar with those high things, for my mind in its folly was lifted up, and looking on my guide, I said, "O Lady, were it not ill, I would tell my brethren on earth of these strange matters, and of thy favour, and of the love all these have shown me; yea, and I would recount their greetings and mine in that sweet language of the spirits."—But the glorious Wonder drew back majestic with a frown, saying, "Not so, presumptuous child of man; the things I have shewn thee, and the greetings thou hast heard, and the songs wherewith I filled thee, cannot worthily be told in other than the language of spirits: and where is the alphabet of men that can fix that unearthly tongue,—or how shouldst thou from henceforth, or thy fellows upon earth, attain to its delicate conceptions? behold, all these thine intimates are wroth with thee; they discern evil upon thy soul: the place of their sojourn is too pure for thee."

Then was there a peal of thunder, like the bursting of a world, whereupon all that restless sea of shadows, and their bright abode, vanished suddenly; and there ensued a flood of darkness, peopled with shoaling fears, and I heard the approach of hurrying sounds, with demoniac laughter, and shouts coming as for me, nearer and louder, saying, "Cast out! Cast out!" and it rushed up to me like an unseen army, and I fled for life before it, until I came to the ex-

treme edge of that spiritual world, where, as I ran looking backwards for terror at those viewless hunters, I leaped horribly over the unguarded cliff, and fell whirling, whirling, whirling, until my senses failed me—

When I came to myself, I was by the sun-dial in my garden, leaning upon the pedestal, and the thin shadow still pointed to twelve.

In astonishment, I ran hastily to my chamber, and strove to remember the strains I had heard. But, alas, they had all passed away: scarcely one disjointed note of that rare music lingered in my memory: I was awakened from a vivid dream, whereof the morning remembered nothing. Nevertheless, I toiled on, a rebel against that fearful Power, and deprived of her wonted aid: my songs, invitâ Minervâ, are but bald translations of those heavenly welcomings: my humble pyramid, far from being the visioned apotheosis of that of a Cephren, bears an unambitious likeness to the meaner Asychian, the characteristic of which, barring its presumptuous motto, must be veiled in one word from Herodotus, (2-136,) —to save the bathos of translation, the cabalistic— πηλικος.

Thus, in mere human guise, as of men, and to men, in much weakness and diffidence, the following pages have grown under my pen; and that the children of my brain be not quite friendless, they are commended, candid reader, to thy favour.

ABEL.

THE fresh young world rejoic'd in its sweet prime,
And all around was peace; the leprous spot
On her fair forehead Nature heeded not,
So beauteously she smiled in love sublime:
Yet, even then, upon thy gentle form
Rush'd the black whirlwind of a brother's crime,
Breaking that calm of universal love
With the fierce blast of murder's pitiless storm,
Awroth at goodness;—thee, truth's stricken dove,
First victim of oppression's iron feet,
Religion's earliest martyr, slain by pride
And man's self-righteousness, with praises meet
Thee would my soul's affection humbly greet,
Trusting the Lamb whereon thy faith relied.

Although we have no specific account in holy writ of the origin of sacrifices, still from allusion we may infer that they were in the earliest ages divinely instituted. Those who oppose the Christian doctrine of redemption are driven into many absurdities to account for the universality of a notion so repugnant to nature and to reason, as that of destroying the lives of innocent brute creatures, and offering them up to the just Creator in atonement for the sins of men. It is, in fact, impossible to account for it on any other principle than this; that God, in the promise to Eve of the seed that should bruise the serpent's head, revealed a vicarious Saviour, and ordained that a perpetual faith of the fulfilment of that promise should be kept alive by sacrifice. It is probable that our first parents used the ordinance immediately after the curse pronounced upon the earth; for we read that they were clad in coats of skins, which implies slain animals; and we know that flesh was not given to man for food until the blessing bestowed upon Noah after the flood.

The learned Hugo Grotius, and others, profess to see nothing of a sacrificial and bloody rite, in Abel bringing the firstling of his flock and of the fat

thereof, to which, as unto Abel, the Lord had respect: they interpret it, as a simple presentation of a lamb, and ewe's milk, in acknowledgment of a shepherd's gratitude for increase: but to this pernicious notion, one word from St. Paul affords sufficient answer; in Hebrews, xi. 4, he calls Abel's offering, a *θυσία*, which can mean nothing else than strictly a slain sacrifice; the idea of Porphyry that its root is *θυμιάω* being a grammatical absurdity. The subject throughout is one of deep importance, and has been ably discussed by many theologians: let us briefly pursue a few other passing thoughts.

A more fearful proof of the fallacy involved in the popular saying, "Nemo repente fuit turpissimus," could not be met with than that afforded by the instance of Cain. Sin had indeed entered into the world, and death by sin; but the first dereliction of duty was as innocence itself compared with the first recorded crime. The primal act of disobedience had some seeming excuses; the human frailty of coveting a thing forbidden; the intrinsic worth of that knowledge, which, doubtless, was to have been withheld only for a while, as an evidence of self-denying duty; and chiefly, the subtlety of an unsuspected tempter in the case of Eve, and every impulse of natural affection in that of Adam. The French have a juster saying than the Latins, "C'est le premier pas qui coute;" for the first, to human

judgment, half-venial fault soon grew up to the heinous magnitude of atrocious crime: the egg of the cockatrice was barely laid, before the full-fledged monster was brooding over the habitations of men. Gentle Abel, the accepted worshipper of a God then familiar with his creatures, for the sole cause of superior goodness, was murdered in the eye of day by his only brother; a crime for which in all its features the world has not furnished a parallel.

There is, without doubt, much of hidden intention and instruction in the account of Abel's death, Gen. iv. 3, &c. Jehovah had instituted sacrifice as the legitimate mean of approach to Him by fallen creatures, and Abel, in obedience to the ordinance, offered with acceptance a lamb; whereas Cain made the unwelcome, because unlawful, offering of fruits: conveying in apt images the covenant of grace and the covenant of works, the systems of revealed and of natural religion.

Hebrews, xi. 4, "By faith Abel offered to God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain," &c., furnishes proof that Abel was a spiritual worshipper, who perceived the real meaning of a sacrifice, and it is therefore somewhat remarkable that the Greek church, which has celebrated, if not canonized, every other worthy of scripture, has omitted "righteous Abel."

Probably few readers will need to be reminded of the poem on the death of Abel, by Gessner of Zu-

rich, although it is now not so popular as its pastoral beauty, and occasionally its epic sublimity deserves. Our English translation by Mary Collyer is replete with accurate elegance, and falls little short of the original: a praise not common, nor easily to be deserved.

Abel is the only unmarried person whom we read of among the antediluvians. Even in that age of the world when increase was accounted the greatest of blessings, the first and most favoured martyr-servant of God is taken from the earth and leaves no image of himself: assuredly, to preach the lesson that even the best of human treasures are but secondary to those which are spiritual. Every other of the earliest men, whether bad as Cain, or virtuous as Seth, "begat sons and daughters:" but of Abel, the fairest character of all, the decree went forth from the chancery of heaven, "Write this man childless."

It certainly appears to the writer an oversight in the structure of Gessner's Poem, to have bestowed a Thirza upon Abel: he should have been left isolated, as the first type of Christ, whom however the Romish Church has had the absurd audacity to betroth to one of her pseudo-saints.

ENOCH.

Of whom earth was not worthy; for alone
Among the dense degenerate multitude,
Witness to truth, and teacher of all good,
Enoch, thy solitary lustre shone
For thrice an hundred years, in trust and love
Walking with God: so sped thy blameless life
That He, thy worship, justly could approve
His patriarch-servant, and when sinners scoff'd
The bold prophetic woe with judgment rife
Or hurl'd at thee their threatened vengeance oft,
From those fell clamours of ungodly strife
God took thee to himself;—behold on high
The car of dazzling glory, borne aloft,
Wings the blest mortal thro' the startled sky!

Enoch, the seventh from Adam, is mentioned by St. Paul in Hebrews, xi. 5, as having "pleased God;" by St. Jude, 14, as having been a prophet of Christ's coming, and a preacher against the ungodliness of the world; and by Moses, in Genesis, v. 22, as having walked with God three hundred years,—"and he was not, for God took him." The good Horatian rule of reason's discovery, "Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus inciderit," by which indeed all divine interposition has been regulated,—(take as examples the raising of Lazarus, where the voice that awoke the dead unbound not the grave-clothes, and that of Jairus's daughter, where the god-like command, "Talitha cumi," is succeeded by the homely direction, "give her something to eat,")—this acknowledged rule of economized power would induce us to believe that holy Enoch was translated to heaven on account of persecution on earth; that he was taken away from the evil to come, and rescued from the hands of murderous and wicked men. It is true indeed that in Elijah's case, 2 Kings, ii. 11, there appears no such necessity; but we must remember that Elias "went up by a whirlwind into heaven," that he might be the immediate harbinger of Christ to judgment, Malachi, iv. 5, although in-

deed he was typified at the first advent by John the Baptist, Matt. xi. 14; also for the purpose of representing "the goodly company of the prophets" at Christ's transfiguration, Mark, ix. 4. Perhaps Enoch may, in this light, be regarded as a representative of the patriarchal era.

As in the case of Jonah, the history of whom the ancients have recorded in their accounts of Arion, so, by a like evident adaptation of the name, they have preserved the traditional memory of Enoch in the story of one Annachus, who is said by the Greeks to have foretold Deucalion's flood; (which, however, is not believed to be identical with Noah's.) There is nothing more interesting in classical reading, than the discovery of these incidental confirmations of Scripture.

St. Jude in the well-known passage quotes the book of Enoch; but whether in so doing he intended to recommend it as authentic and inspired, is more than questionable: as well might we argue for the canonical reception of the works of Menander, because St. Paul incidentally cites one of his verses, and therefore those who would reject the book of Jude in consequence, are guilty of great absurdity. Many of the fathers, and among them Tertullian, thought most highly of the prophecy attributed to Enoch: but the great stream of commentators and critics, headed by Augustine and Scaliger, consider that it bears evident marks of fabulous Rabbinism, or spurious Platonism. It is probable that some few of

the genuine traditional sayings of the translated patriarch, as that quoted by St. Jude, are imbedded in the mass of mingled materials, known by the name of Enoch's prophecy.

The luxuriant imaginations of Eastern writers have invented many wonderful matters concerning Enoch, but like most traditional or Talmudic stories, they are little worthy of repetition. Among other things, they pretend that he received direct from heaven thirty manuscripts on astrology, and other secret sciences, and that he was an adept in all kinds of knowledge: but there is no need to transplant such puerilities on the shores of the sober West.

ZOROASTER.

FATHOMLESS past! what precious secrets lie
Gulph'd in thy depths,—how brave a mingled throng
Fathers of wisdom, bards of mighty song,
Hearts gushing with warm hopes, and feelings high,
Lovers, and sages, prophets, priests, and kings,
Sleep nameless in thy drear obscurity:
Fathomless past!—the vague conception brings,
Amid thick-coming thoughts of olden things,
Hoar Zoroaster,—as he walked sometime
In shadowy Babel, and around him stood
The strangely-mitred earnest multitude
Listening the wonders of his speech sublime:
Hail, mantled ghost, I track thy light from far,
On the chaotic dark an exiled star.

Zoroaster,—probably a made name, signifying in Hebrew with a Greek termination, banished star, —is supposed by many to have lived about 2300 A. C. The history of this ancient astronomer and sage is little known, and it is difficult to separate his identity from others who have borne the like name: but there has come down to us generally a tradition of his great and acknowledged superiority over his cotemporary world. We read, that whereas open idolatry had enslaved the rest of men, Zoroaster alone preached the sublime doctrine of a one invisible Deity, admitting fire to be his emblem. There are said to be still in the East numerous tribes who follow him as their teacher, and when one man has exercised dominion over his fellows for upwards of four thousand years, it is only reasonable to suppose that he was excellent in his generation, and for the times in which he lived, enlightened. It is, no doubt, a vexata quæstio whether or not Zoroaster of Bactria, or Zoroaster of Babylon, be the greater man, and the founder of the sect: if so, his date must be brought nearer to us by almost two thousand years: but the silence of history gives us the privilege of choice.

Learned men have variously supposed Ham, Moses,

Osiris, Mithras, and several others, to have been respectively the same person as Zoroaster: with more probability Dr. Adam Clarke thinks him identical with Belteshazzar, or Daniel. Sir Walter Raleigh, in that work of infinite research, his "History of the World," lib. i. ch. 11, seems inclined to consider him a genuine Chaldæan sage of the most remote antiquity.

By way of giving the reader a specific instance of the teaching of this ancient worthy, the following apt extract from Lord Lindsay's entertaining book on Egypt, (i. 185,) is here added: "The God, says the patriarchal Zoroaster, in his noble enumeration of the Almighty's attributes, is represented having a hawk's head: He is the Best, Incorruptible, Eternal, Unmade, Indivisible, most unlike every thing, the Author of all good, the Wisest of the wise." The mystical part of such theology consisting of emblems, a hawk, for example, figuring perfection of sight, or omniscience, and swiftness of presence, or ubiquity, speedily, as was natural, degenerated into common idolatry; but assuredly the description given above of the Supreme Being by a native of heathen Babylon is among the most sublime ever penned by mortal hand. In fact, the worst conceptions of the Deity were most rife among men at that period of the world's history, which was equally remote from the patriarchal and the Christian eras. The idolatry of extreme antiquity was not the gross system which it afterwards became.

ABRAHAM.

Hail, friend of God, the paragon of faith!
Simply to trust, unanswering to obey,
This was thy strength; and happy sons are they
Father, who follow thee thro' life and death,
Ready at His mysterious command
The heart's most choice affectionate hopes to slay
With more than martyr's suicidal hand,
Their sole sufficing cause,—Jehovah saith,—
Their only murmured prayer,—His will be done:
Ev'n so, thy god-like spirit did not spare
Thy cherished own, thy promised only son,
Trusting that He, whose word was never vain,
Could raise to life the victim offered there,
And to the father give his child again.

Scripture is full of moral tests: it is capable of infinite misconceptions; it is easily perverted, if men will; and the things which should have been for their health, are unto them an occasion of falling. There is doubtless something of providential intent in the contemptible facility which the highest themes afford for the lowest humour; nothing is more easy than for a scoffer to draw poison from the fountain of truth.

In exemplification of this, it will be sufficient to take for a moment the infidel view of the case of Abraham's intended sacrifice, if only to act as a foil to the Christian's interpretation.—What? are we to receive for an exemplar of moral conduct a man, who could deliberately attempt the murder of his only child? are we to be told that a merciful Deity, and not some Moloch of a madman's heated fancy, commanded the bloody rite? are we to admire the duplicity of the speeches, "We will go yonder, and worship, and come again unto you,—My son, God will provide himself a lamb?"—To these, and such objections our answer is uniform: the apparent evil is merely a reflection of the unbeliever's heart; if he will but see with our eyes, the dark picture will be as the brightness of noonday. Abra-

ham, the only witness upon earth of a loving and true God, was called upon to give proof that he relied implicitly upon His promises, power, and goodness. He was commanded to deliver up the child, in whom all the earth was eventually to be blessed, as a sacrifice to Him who gave him: and the patriarch cheerfully obeyed, though we may readily believe not without the struggles of paternal agony, first, because he questioned not for a moment the right of the Creator to command, nor the ultimate mercy, wisdom, and propriety of the mandate; and secondly, because (as we learn from Heb. xi. 19) he accounted that God was able to raise his son up even from the dead, and fully expected that it should be so. He meant what he said in—"we will come back;" for he trusted in the restoration of his son: he stopped not to reason about moral fitness, for he knew that God had spoken: and he rightly regarded that the mercy of his Maker would provide himself a lamb, or if indeed the rite must be paid, and Isaac must be that lamb, He would restore uninjured the seed of promise. When to all this, we add the affecting beauty and aptitude of the whole scene as applicable to the persons of the adorable Trinity in the scheme of salvation, of which it is more than probable that the patriarch had a due conception, we see the sacrifice of Isaac in the light of an act at once most pious, most admirable and most heroic.

Many of the profane writers speak of Abraham: Berosus calls him "just, and great, and skilled in

heavenly things;" Melo, the Jew hater, confirms Genesis in every particular of this patriarch's life: and so does Eupolemus, with other names little known to the general reader. Josephus, I. 8. § 2, informs us that Abraham "communicated to the Egyptians the art of arithmetic, and the science of astronomy, with which they were previously unacquainted; and that Egypt was indebted for its wisdom to Chaldæa, as Greece was to Egypt:" many fables of the East are full of allusions to this patriarch's knowledge, power, and piety.

The whole chapter of the great Jewish historian and general, which relates to the offering of Isaac, the 13th of the 1st book, is most beautiful, and places the conduct of both father and son in a very touching and amiable light: the father, in that "he thought it was not right to disobey God in any thing;" the son, in that being "twenty-five years old," he "went immediately of himself to the altar to be sacrificed:" and Josephus adds the words of the Almighty, saying, "It is not out of a thirst for human blood thou wert commanded to slay thy son, neither because God wished to deprive thee of him as a father, but to try and prove thee, whether indeed thou wouldst obey to the uttermost." We may remark that Josephus makes no mention of the figurative resurrection, implied in the return of Isaac unharmed.

Bishop Warburton thinks, that the saying of our Lord, "Abraham saw my day," &c., is a proof that in the name Jehovah-jireh, given to the mount on

which Jesus afterwards suffered, Abraham prophesied the manifestation on the cross of incarnate Godhead.

It is interesting to perceive, that the wise heathen, Seneca, entertains the same just ideas of implicit obedience which are so eminently characteristic of the Father of the faithful. The philosopher is found to speak as follows: "A law [or a mandate] should be brief, that it may be more easily retained by the unlearned, as if it were a voice sent from the gods: it should command, not argue, for nothing seems to me more frigid, or more foolish, than a law with a reason: tell me what you would have me do, I will not dispute about it, but obey, for in a law I require not reasons, but authority." So thought Seneca, and so did Abraham: if the mandate come indeed from heaven, Faith is not to wait for the tortoise step of Reason: her office, her nature, her name, imply not merely credence, but obedience.

SEMIRAMIS.

STUPENDOUS Babylon! before mine eyes
Thy mountain walls, and marble terraces,
Domes, temples, tow'rs, and golden palaces
In visioned recollection grandly rise
Huge and obscure, as icebergs in a cloud;
And mingling there a dense barbaric crowd
Throng thy triumphal car with eastern state
Moon of the world, Semiramis the Great!
Ambiguous shade of majesty supreme
Upon the night of ages limn'd sublime,
We think of thee but as a glorious dream,
And, waiving those dark hints of unproved crime,
Fain would we hope thee great and good combin'd
To hail thee patriot Queen, and mighty Mind.

The supercilious detraction which female character almost invariably meets with in the masculine page of history is several times alluded to in this volume. Greatness, especially when manifested in the weaker sex, has always been a target for the envenomed darts of envy;

> " Sævius ventis agitatur ingens
> " Pinus, et celsæ graviore casu
> " Decidunt turres, feriuntque summos
> Fulgura montes."

but it is surely more philosophical, as well as more charitable to conclude that popular opinion would never long endure the blasting rule of monsters of depravity; at least, in the absence of—" most damning proof," we ought not to believe that unequalled greatness is closely allied with unparalleled wickedness. If we are to credit the voice of common fame in both instances, there is much of similarity between Assyrian Semiramis and Catherine Alexiewna II. of Russia, both in their public and private characters: but, however opinions may be permitted to differ as to their respective moral delinquencies, no man would be hardy enough to affirm that they were not magnificent sovereigns, and the ruling spirits of

their several eras. Semiramis is supposed to have lived about 1965 before Christ, and to have reigned twenty-five years: she is accused of many crimes, but would appear to have lived in the affection of her subjects, and to have died with their worship. The gallant Raleigh does not scruple to say, (i.182,) "As for her vicious life I ascribe the report thereof to the envious and lying Grecians: for delicacy and ease do more often accompany licentiousness in men and women, than labour and hazard do: and if the one half be true which is reported of this lady, then there never lived any prince or princess more worthy of fame than Semiramis was." It is commonly accounted a mark of high civilization, especially when we consider the antiquity of eastern prejudices respecting women, to find female sovereigns in the list of Assyrian, Egyptian, and Abyssinian monarchs; and, if we had not even now extant the mouldering ruins of gigantic enterprise to witness it, this fact is alleged enough to render credible much that we hear of ancient excellence in the arts and sciences: it must however be taken merely as an evidence of high gallantry; for it is questioned by many wise men, adhuc sub judice lis, whether, as to female domination, the Salique law of good King Pharamond is or is not in effect one very wholesome for the interests of society, and strictly accordant with the revealed doctrine of headship. Mrs. Jameson's testimony upon this point is very decided: that lady says in her preface to the Lives of Female Sovereigns, "On the whole, it seems in-

disputable that the experiments hitherto made in the way of female government have been signally unfortunate; and that women called to empire have been, in most cases, conspicuously unhappy or criminal. So that, were we to judge by the past, it might be decided at once, that the power which belongs to us, as a sex, is not properly, or naturally, that of the sceptre or the sword." This candid admission from one so competent, and, upon principles of human nature, in such a case so unwilling a witness, must have considerable weight: and in reference to the subject, it cannot escape the observation of some, that the prophet Isaiah enumerates among the woes of Israel, chap. iii. 12, "As for my people, children are their oppressors, and women rule over them." The condition of Spain and Portugal in our own day illustrates the cause and consequence. It will be profitable however to consider on the other hand, that the peculiar constitution which Tacitus lauds as the best, (Ann. iv. 33) is one almost independent of the advantages or disadvantages of sex; that Edmund Burke was philosophically justified in his seeming paradox concerning the crown; and that, even if the verdict of history has hitherto been unsatisfactory, (a position which many think they have a right to dispute,) still the future is ever a fair field of hope open to all, and moderns possess the incalculable advantage of being competent to profit by the errors of their ancestors.

JOSEPH.

THE true nobility of generous minds,
Equal to either conquest, weal or woe,
Triumphant over fortune, friend or foe,
In thee, pure-hearted youth, its pattern finds:
Child best-beloved of Israel's green old age,
Innocent dreamer, persecuted slave,
Good steward, unguilty captive, honour'd sage
Whose timely counsel rescued from the grave
Egypt's bronze children, and those exiled few
Dwelling at Goshen,—Ruler, born to save,
How rich a note of welcome were thy due,
O man much tried, and never found to fail;
Young, beauteous, mighty, wise and chaste and true,
Hail, holy prince, unspotted greatness, hail!

The idea of types being once given to the student of Scripture, examples of this kind of acted prophecy will rise to his mind in rich abundance. It requires very little either of imaginative power, or ingenious learning, to perceive at once the ultimate intentions of Joseph's chequered history; every fact in his life, as in that of many other patriarchs of old time, being obviously typical of some circumstance in the life of our Saviour. The subject is an extremely full one, and better fitted for a religious treatise than a few discursive remarks: it has moreover been so frequently and so well explained by divines, that further notice here might be deemed supererogatory.

The memory of Joseph, as a great public benefactor, is cherished in Egypt to this day, and his personal beauty, alluded to in Genesis, xxxix. 6, has ever been proverbial in the East.

According to the learned Sir John Marsham, Joseph was the chief officer, or grand vizier of no less than four of the Pharaohs; unfamiliar names, which it would serve no purpose to transcribe. It has more of interest to perceive that the consequences of Joseph's dealing in the famine exist in Egypt to this very day; for (Genesis, xlvii. 20) "Joseph bought

all the land of Egypt for Pharaoh; the Egyptians sold every man his field, because the famine prevailed over them; so the land became Pharaoh's,"—remaining so to this hour: the fellahs, or native inhabitants, being merely occupiers of the soil, the property of which is nominally in the Sultan, but actually vested in the present Pacha. Compare also Herodotus, Euterpe, 109, where the soil is all said to belong to the king of Egypt.

Some of the hieroglyphical histories still extant on the walls of tombs in Thebes and Beni Hassan, possess a remarkable interest from their apparent reference to the sojourn of the Jews: in particular, there is figured in Wilkinson's Egypt, (2. 296.) a fresco picture, which has been supposed to represent the arrival of Jacob and his family on the invitation of Joseph.

MOSES.

How should I greet thee, God's ambassador,
Great shepherd of the people,—how proclaim
In worthiest song thy more than human fame
Meek bard yet princely, vengeful conqueror,
Leader, and lawgiver?—thy hallowed name
E'en now with fears the captive bosom fills,
Though the dear love of thy grand Antitype
In glad assurance thro' that bosom thrills:
Alas, thy faithless tribes, for judgment ripe,
Chose Ebal and the curse; didst thou not heed
When these thy children dared the dreadful deed
Whereat high noon was blind,—nor bless the grace,
That shall that stain from crime's dark record wipe,
And love once more the long-rejected race?

A theme like the present should not be approached without a deep sense of veneration: Moses is eminently a sacred character, and the inspired writers ought perhaps, in one view of the case, to stand quite aloof from the mere human herd, among whom they are here chronologically mingled. It would give the writer much pain to be accused of instituting any improper comparisons between idolatrous heathens, and the noted servants of the Most High; such is far from his intention: on principle however, he would not exclude holy men of God from a brief catalogue of worthies; and he did not wish to exclude all others: it is hoped that no very objectionable names will be found among the writer's favourites; but it should always be remembered that we are to judge of men with reference to the circumstances round them; and as men, with regard to their influence on their fellows, whether beneficial or otherwise. In this light, many names, seemingly incongruous, will be found admissible; and perhaps the writer ought to state, in apology for the somewhat miscellaneous list of contents, that he generally professes to touch upon his favourite authors, studies,

or notions. And with this clue, lector benevole, speed thou on thy way.

Of Moses, nothing need here be repeated which can be found in the inspired volume: the date of his birth is disputed, but it is probably correct to fix it at 1570, B. C.: he died at the age of one hundred and twenty, and to prevent idolatry of his remains, it is said, in Deut. xxxiv. 6, that "the Lord buried him, and no man knoweth of his sepulchre."

It is very interesting to find Herodotus bearing testimony to the consequences of the plagues of Egypt; also Diodorus Siculus, and Strabo, confirming holy writ in many particulars.

From the extreme antiquity of the works of Moses, it has long been an objection raised by sceptics, that the only method of writing then known was engraving on stones, and that the voluminous character of the Pentateuch rendered this impossible: hence they infer that the books of Moses cannot be genuine or authentic, but the traditionary compilation of some later hand. But all this is founded on the extravagant assumption that every word was sculptured upon tables of stone: an idea now completely subverted by the fact, which the hieroglyphical researches of M. Champollion have established, that the use of papyrus was long anterior to the age of Moses; there being now extant at Turin an Egyptian writing on papyrus, expounded to be an act of Thutmothsis III.,

and accounted two hundred years older than the time of the Pharaoh, in whose reign Moses flourished.

There can be no doubt, however, that some passages have been added to the original text, by Joshua, or Ezra; as for example the account of the death of Moses, which closes Deuteronomy. In Graves on the Pentateuch the enquirer will find every objection honestly stated, and luminously solved.

From the very curious passage in St. Jude, concerning "Michael the archangel disputing with Satan about the body of Moses," taken in connection with the transfiguration on the mount, it has been imagined that Moses is one of those who, with Enoch, Elias, and our Saviour, are not in the state of disembodied spirits, but in that of the perfect resurrection.

DAVID.

It is not for thy throne and diadem,
Nor for the prowess of thy ruddy youth,
Nor skill with gentle minstrelsy to soothe
The spirit in its griefs, and banish them,
We count thee blest; these lesser stars of praise
May well in lustrous beauty round thee blaze,
Anointed monarch of Jerusalem;
But, that omniscient truth hath titled thee
Man after God's own heart,—this name alone
Doth, to its highest, mortal glory raise,
And leave us wondering here: O favoured one,
As to my Saviour's symbol, reverent
And with such worship as befitteth me,
So would I greet thee, royal penitent.

The types of our Lord Christ, which so remarkably pervade the historical books of the Old Testament, and indeed, (if it be not improper to say so,) constitute to us their chief value, form a system as worthy of the philosopher's attention as of the less reasoning acceptance of unlearned Christians. A most favourite principle it is in human nature, to follow examples; and this fact explains the popular power of analogical argument, and the love of biography of which most men are sensible. A type was a form of setting Christ before men exactly adapted to their social nature, and the pre-eminence of David, the Beloved, (as his name signifies,) in this respect, has been the theme of divines in all ages. However, there is still very much of the antitypical scheme to be made up: we are yet to hear of "bringing the King back;" and doubtless, every minute incident, as of Shimei, and Barzillai, &c., will be found to have its national counterpart hereafter.

To explain allusions in sonnets that concern such characters would be to cast an imputation on the reader.

Once for all, it is far from the intention of these sections to comment upon every phrase and image,

or with the blotting finger of notation to point out all the secret sense. Such a plan would generate more prose than the poetry could carry, and would be a method of swelling the volume, despicable from its very ease: added to which, it is more complimentary to the reader, and for that cause more worthy of the writer, to leave many things unexplained. In general, allusions will be obvious enough.

Many subjects, briefly touched upon in these cursory remarks, would require a treatise for their several elucidation; and the author has felt great difficulty in sufficient condensation: he is sensible that in some instances he may not have said enough to defend his positions from every opponent, (as perhaps, on Scriptural revision,) but it is really from the pressure of many matters: arguments and examples might often have been multiplied, but where one or two have been thought sufficient, the excess has been rejected: in fact among these brief essays, there will frequently be found little more than the seeds of thoughts, which he that so wills may cultivate at leisure: from the multitude of topics, and to produce variety, they are necessarily discursive: the opportunity has been taken to introduce original translations, and leave has been usurped to ramble at will to any subject at all connected with the character under consideration: in a word, while the author would acknowledge with gratitude the general debt which he

owes to the labour and genius of others, still he has endeavoured, often to the reader's loss, to avoid transcription from popular manuals, from a sense that to increase the bulk of a volume by such methods is not quite honest, and even if it were, would savour too strongly of inglorious ease.

SOLOMON.

WHO hath not heard the trumpet of thy fame?
Or is there that sequestered dismal spot
Where thy far-echoed glory soundeth not?—
The tented Arab still among his mates
In wondrous story chaunts thy mighty name;
Thy marvels yet the fakir celebrates,
Yea, and for Solomon's unearthly power
The sorcerer yells amid his deeds of shame,
Rifling the dead at midnight's fearful hour:
Not such thy praise; these savour of a fall
Which penitence should banish from the mind;
We gladlier on thy sainted wisdom call,
And greet thee with the homage of mankind
Wisest, and mightiest, and first, of all.

Concerning Solomon so much is commonly known, that there is little excuse here to repeat the lessons of our childhood. We assuredly have distinct traces of his apostacy, and of the dreadful manner by which it was manifested, namely sorcery and other ramifications of the black art, in the fact that even now among the mysteries of Egyptian, Chinese, and Asiatic magic, the name of Solyman, or Zuleyman, is still prominent, as a ruler of the spirits: see, in exemplification, the eighth and ninth of the Arabian Nights. There can be little doubt that with all the bold ambition of a towering mind, permitted for wise purposes to break into brief rebellion, Solomon practised those evil arts; and the writer at least feels as little doubt that witchcraft and its like were in those ages of the world possible and real crimes; that in fact, a league could be entered into with wicked spirits, and, if such guilt be now set out of the pale of Christendom, there is no telling how far it may actually exist within the bounds of Paynimrie: consult Mr. Lane's account of Egyptian magic, and that of other writers from the East.

It occurs forcibly to the mind, how different

from the better choice of Solomon, would have been that of every Mr. Worldly-Wiseman of the age. There is a certain class of men among us, and it is to be lamented a class very large and very spreading, in whose estimation money and money's-worth constitute the only riches; they are, in the words of Young,

> " Bit by the rage canine of dying rich;"

the scales of their judgment, Aladdin-like, weigh nothing but gold; they throw in no make-weight, as Brennus did; (see Plutarch's Life of Camillus;) their rule of life is—" facias rem, Si possis, recté, si non, quocunque modo rem;" mental gifts, and spiritual privileges are viewed by minds so grovelling, merely as lucrative means to that all-absorbing end; they hold religiously that " money makes the man;" they consider not what inward wealth may be the very beggar's portion; they heed not what heart-poverty may gnaw the vitals of a Crœsus. There are many poor rich men, and there are many rich poor men: the age needs to be converted from idolatry in this matter, for the image of Nebuchadnezzar still has its million devotees. The wise man will feel richer in home happiness, in the love of nearest and dearest, in the power of religion, the peace of his conscience, the strength of his mind, and the luxuriance of his imagination, than " in thousands of gold and silver:" to use the beautiful language of Transatlantic Willis,

> " He from the eyrie of his eagle thought
> Looks down on monarchs ; "

whereas the mere idolater of gold, the Gallio caring for none of these things, who is incapable of great hopes, and generous sentiments, heaps up only unsatisfying treasure, and has just mind enough to make him miserable.

" Wisdom is the principal thing: get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding." The choice of Hercules, virtue in preference to pleasure, handed down to us by Xenophon, is as well known among the Greeks, as that of Solomon, wisdom before riches, among the Jews: and it is impossible to say how far the profane hero is indebted for the creditable anecdote to the sacred king. The habit of Greece, one more useful than honest, was to appropriate to her own shores every thing in history or fable which should have more rightfully redounded to the honour of her neighbours.

HOMER.

THOU poor and old, yet ever rich and young,
Ye sunless eyeballs, in all wisdom bright,
Travel-stain'd feet, and home-unwelcomed tongue,
That for a pauper's pittance strayed, and sung,
Where after-times the frequent acolyte
Tracked those faint steps with worship,—at what time
And where, thou untaught master, did the strings
Of thine immortal harp echo sublime
The rage of heroes, and the toil of kings?
Uncertain shadow of a mystic name,
The world's dead praise, as Hellas' living shame,
There is a mystery brooding on thy birth,
That thee its own each willing soil may claim;
Thy fatherland is all the flattered earth.

Homer, a personage whose very name is a riddle, (being not impossibly the Hebrew word *homerim*, anglicè "words," or as likely the Greek ὅμηρος, "blind,") is supposed to have flourished A. C. about 900. His principal works are too well known to need mention, further than that the main subjects of the Iliad turn upon the wrath of Achilles, Ajax, Agamèmnon, and others; and that the Odyssey treats of the adventures of the king of Ithaca, and his companions, when returning to their homes, after the fall of Troy. Some learned men have gone the length of conjecturing that Solomon might have written the poems known by the name of "Homer," or "Epic," (words of similar signification in Hebrew and Greek,) during the period of his idolatrous apostacy: but this would appear to be little better than an ingenious expansion of the argument implied in the possible etymology of the name. With respect to the birth-place of the poet, it is well known that many cities of Greece ("Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Ithaca, Pylus, Argos, Athena,") in after-ages contended for the honour of his birth, by way of self-aggrandisement; but perhaps, if the truth were told, all have equal claims, the fact being that there is no credible evidence on the subject; for to look ex-

ternally, we have nothing but the assertions of interested candidates; and internally there is perhaps no poet in any age who has communicated so little of himself in his works as Homer: it is also matter of history that the author of those immortal poems, the Iliad and the Odyssey, received divine honours in the very spots where it is likely that he had wandered as a homeless, and some think sightless, bard. For the matter of blindness, however, we have not the same satisfactory record of the fact, as that so beautifully furnished by our own Homer, Milton, in his individual case; but the wanderings are credible enough, for troubadours, (to use an anachronism in terms,) and the oral diffusion of poetry are common to infant society in every land. It is just possible that the poems which have come down to us from antiquity under the name of Homer, may, as to their genuineness and authenticity, be analogous to those we have in modern times received under the name of Ossian: namely, in both having been a collection of detached pieces, cemented and digested into one by a diligent master-hand; and one meaning of the word ὅμηρος, "joined together," would seem to favour the notion. But after all, it is equally probable, if not more so, that one master-hand wrote it all, for unity of design and consistency of execution are generally apparent throughout, and the art of writing is doubtless of extreme antiquity in the East: indeed, the symbolizing his ideas would appear to be an invention which unassisted man could never have arrived at; and we

have some grounds, from Genesis, ch. ii. vv. 19, 20, to believe that signs of thought were a matter of revelation to the first man.

The writer has ventured to subjoin a very close translation, in English hexameters, of the episode concerning the dog of Ulysses, in Od. lib. xvii. line 290, &c. The story is full of nature, and will give the reader, who is unacquainted with Greek, a truer idea of Homer's mind than many passages better known. The metre being the same as in the original, and the version almost word for word, will, it is hoped, give the subject additional interest.

* * * * * *

Thus to each other spake they; but the hound, as he lay in his weakness,
Pricked up his ears and his head,—poor Argus of patient Ulysses;
Him had his master rear'd, but not sported with; parting beforehand
To the devoted Troy: so, formerly did the young gallants
Hunt him to chase the wild goats, and the timorous hare, and the roebuck.
But,—he had long been cast out, grown old, and his lord being absent,
Lying on heaps of filth, dropped there by the mules and the oxen
Outside his master's door,—from which to the farm of Ulysses
Servants would clear it away for manure, while cruelly leaving
Argus, the fine old dog, full of sores and covered with vermin.

Still, when now, the poor creature beheld Ulysses approaching,
He lay back his ears, and fawn'd with his tail in faithful affection,
But rose not, nor nearer could get to his own dear master
All for neglect and age:—and the king, unobserved by the swineherd,
Brushing away his tears at the sight, immediate address'd him.

Surely Eumæus, 'tis strange, this dog lies here on the dung-heap,
He seems to be fine in his form and his breed, yet one thing I know not
If he be fleet,—for starving he lies, a shame to his masters,—
Or if he be a slow hound, such as man often makes his companion
And for his own delight for awhile is accustomed to pamper.

Him then answered straight,—even thou, Eumæus the swineherd:
Truly, I heed not: the dog is a man's who has died on his travels.
Were he the same but now, in shape, and power, and courage,
As when Ulysses, starting for Ilium, left him behind him,
Quickly, I wot, would you wonder, to see his muscle and fleetness:
For not a beast could escape him, which he but once got a sight of,
All the dark forest through; the hound had the cunning to track them.
Now, misfortune in turn catches him; for the king his old master
Perish'd away from home; and the careless damsels forget him.
For that, servants, whenever a master ceases to govern,

Will not afterwards heed to perform the task of their duty;
And because farseeing Jupiter steals away half a man's virtue
Soon as the baneful morn of servitude darkens upon him.

So saying he went in to the fair and populous mansion,
Straight going up to the hall to seek the illustrious wooers.
But, for poor Argus,—the fate of black death had utterly seiz'd him,
When, in his twentieth year, he saw for a moment Ulysses.

ISAIAH.

HEAR him, sore-travailling mother, patient earth,
Hear the glad eloquence of this thy son;
The times of want and woe are well nigh done,
And old creation springs to second birth,
Toil's rest, care's cure, and melancholy's mirth:
O golden sabbath of the world, speed on;
Why tarrieth nature's king?—the woods, the waves,
The waiting righteous in their prison-graves,
The moan of famine, and the shriek of fear,
Entreat thy coming, O desire of all,
Theme of Isaiah's hope, in praise appear!
Great monarch, take thy universal crown,
Even so, quickly: shall thy people call
In vain? O rend the heavens, and come down!

Holy Scripture is full of promises to material creation. The earth has not yet held jubilee. The Jewish nation has not yet reaped the harvest of its hopes, and the glories of Solomon cannot fairly be considered as a fulfilment even of antecedent promises: while all those which succeed clearly point to that golden age of the Jewish monarchy, as having been merely typical. The light that lighteneth the Gentiles, hath yet to be the glory of his people Israel. If a son of Abraham should, through grace, and from conviction, close with Christianity, still he ought never to give up his national expectations, nor his nation. Paul confessed himself a Jew; Jesus was a Jew; and although the name has, for the fulfilment of prophecy, fallen into contempt, "a hissing and a reproach," it shall yet, in similar fulfilment, be a synonyme for all that is good, great, and glorious on the renovated earth. "Ten men shall lay hold on the mantle of one man that is a Jew, and shall say, we will go with thee, for we have heard that God is with thee."

The seven concluding chapters of Isaiah, as indeed one half of the Bible directly or indirectly, may be referred to as elucidatory of millenial expectations.

In some remarks hereafter made upon St. John and St. Paul, the opportunity has been taken, (it is hoped in unfeigned humility, and with a real desire of doing good,) to comment upon the propriety of revising, by an authorized list of corrigenda, a few passages in our translation of the Scriptures. The subject of Isaiah offers another favourable occasion for alluding to this important topic ; and although the writer would confess at once that he has not the biblical learning requisite to do it anything like justice, still he wishes, by the publication of these hints, to induce others, more able, to follow up the matter.

As examples of errors, which are familiar to many, let the following be taken: Is. ix. 3, where " Thou hast multiplied the nation, and *not* increased the joy; they joy before thee according to the joy in harvest," &c. should be rendered, " Thou hast multiplied the nation, and increased *its* joy," &c. the Hebrew word " lo," spelt with an aleph or a vau, having both contradictory meanings. So again in Is. xxxiii. 2, " O Lord, be gracious unto us; we have waited for thee: be thou *their* arm every morning, our salvation also in the time of trouble," it is manifest that " their" is an error for " our," the latter reading being not merely supported by the sense of the context, but by the best authorities. Again, Is. liii. 8, " from prison and from judgment," which was not literally verified, should be more accurately, " by distress and judgment," as in the margin; (indeed the marginal reading is often the more preferable :) also, in the same

chapter, ver. 9, where the better version is, " His death was appointed with the wicked, and with the rich man was his tomb :" an exact prophecy which our common translation confounds. Many other instances of such faults might be given.

The next class is of incorrect punctuation, which frequently quite destroys the sense: turn to Zech. ix. 1, where we find, " The burden of the word of the Lord in the land of Hadrach, and Damascus shall be the rest thereof: when the eyes of men, as of all the tribes of Israel, shall be toward the Lord :" the true reading is submitted to be, " The burden of the word of the Lord in the land of Hadrach and Damascus: the rest thereof shall be, when," &c. Once more; Joel, ii. 14, should probably be rendered thus, " Who knoweth if he will return and repent, and leave a blessing behind him? A meat offering, a drink offering, unto the Lord our God! blow the trumpet in Zion,—sanctify a fast," &c., where by understanding the word " bring" before " a meat offering," &c., obscurity is avoided, and the passage stands out in all its eloquence.

A third class of corrigenda is one of less importance, but still its popular influence does great injury to the cause of religion: allusion is made to such needlessly bald translations, as " a bottle in the smoke" for a wine-skin; " why hop ye so, ye high hills," for " exult ye," in the Prayer-book psalms: " butter and honey shall he eat," for curd and honey; or still worse, that bathos in the sublime hymn of Deborah, Judges, v. " she brought forth butter in a lordly dish:"

also Is. xxxvii. 36, "when they arose early in the morning, behold they were all dead corpses," where the least care in the world, as the use of "former and latter," "these and those," or "Jews and Assyrians," would save the absurdity of the two theys; it would only be to treat Scripture as fairly as another translated book: also, such a case, as making the good Samaritan give "two pence," and the master of the vineyard "a penny a day;" for however it may by an antiquarian be remembered that the English silver penny had its ancestor in the Roman denarius, the common hearer goes away with false and mean impressions: lastly, under this head might appear several sentences which in the lapse of time have become indelicate.

But instances of possible amendments may be multiplied to a great amount; some others are mentioned hereafter; and doubtless every sensible reader of the Bible has met with many. Still, while such an one has lamented the evil, he has perceived, with king Alfred, the danger of touching what is good, though to make it better, and of tampering with our present version, even to improve it: a sentiment with which the writer partially sympathizes. Nevertheless, it should be recollected that the present translation of James the First has several times been revised already, as, in 1683, 1711, and even so lately as 1769; also that a living language is very variable, and cannot long be accounted standard; and, conclusively, that something still remains to be done, and that for the honour

of religion and the furtherance of truth all stumbling-blocks which can be cleared away, should be cleared away, in spite of danger: "these little things are great to little men," and with all our intellectual progression, we do not yet perceive that "mind, the standard of the man," has grown to be a giant.

Without controversy, the greatest care should be taken that so responsible a task fall only to the lot of orthodox, pious, and learned persons; that as little alteration be made as possible; and, in fact, as is again suggested hereafter, that the revision should be presented to the public in the shape of a list of authorized errata and corrigenda, (perhaps under various heads, as, necessary, expedient, philological, and merely elegant,) which might be issued in pamphlets of different sizes, and bound up with our present Bibles, at the discretion of individuals. The danger to be apprehended from conflicting statements, and heterodox versions, might be, and ought to be rendered null and void by the power of parliament: a Christian and a Protestant nation, (if indeed we may now be called so,) has no higher duty nor greater privilege than to keep the Scriptures of truth as pure and perfect as human frailty will permit. One word more: no man of any taste or feeling would think of modernizing the version.

Perhaps it may be considered objectionable, that a topic of such weight should be thus slightly touched in a few discursive remarks, and in a volume of such mixed materials: but the writer has elsewhere al-

luded to the difficulties he labours under in the way of condensation, and is really anxious, as far as in his power lies, to stimulate some less feeble hand to the useful and honourable task of a critical emendation. Finally, if in these days of general reform, he be accounted to have erred in mooting the subject at all, or be wrong in any of his instances, (for the argument remains the same, should there exist but one error,) he is bold to deprecate in this matter personal reproof, and offers his motive to shield his indiscretion. Magna est veritas, et prævalebit: there is great weakness in concealing faults: our strength lies in amending them. A fit and unsuperstitious faith in the authorized version, which is generally most accurate, would be strengthened, rather than shaken, by so wholesome a measure; and if we had such a translation of the Sacred Scriptures, as would do justice to its original, many of the strong holds of modern infidelity would totter to their foundations, and in nine cases out of ten the scoff of the blasphemer would be silenced.

SOLON.

To know thyself,—a knowledge beyond price,
Which some of this world's wisest cannot learn,
To search the heart, and keenly there discern
Even among its flowers of Paradise
The watchful subtle snake of cherished vice
And thus aware, to fly it,—nor to fan
Those guilty sparks that else shall scorch and burn
Thine innocence,—this is thy wisdom, Man:
This, had no messenger of grace aloud
Proclaimed it for thy weal, of yonder sage
Separate in glory from that white-robed crowd,
Thou long hadst learnt: Solon, from age to age
One short full phrase a noble proof supplies
That thou wert wise as good, and good as wise.

It must be confessed that the accurate biographer, Plutarch, makes no mention of the great moral rule, by which the superiority of Solon is popularly tested among us. Γνῶθι σεαυτόν is known by every schoolboy to be the saying attributed to this chief of the seven wise men of Greece, and we may safely declare that upon this traditionary phrase rests the general appreciation of Solon's character. Self-knowledge lies at the very foundation of moral philosophy, and if Christian ethics spring from that better knowledge of a God, holy, just, merciful and true, still, by reflection and contrast we arrive at the useful, because humbling conviction of our comparative worthlessness. It is indeed a great argument of true wisdom in a heathen, to find him choosing as his motto, "Know thyself:" with what light and power it shines forth from the sayings of those rival six! Bias makes the easy discovery, that "most men are wicked;" the worldly Pittacus bids, "watch your opportunity;" prudent Thales forewarns of "the dangers of suretyship;" Cleobulus casts a dead weight upon rising talent and virtue, by professing that "moderation is best;" Periander glories in a physical fact, that "to industry all things are possible;" and plagiarist Chilo only echoes the well-authenticated sentiment of Solon

himself, when, praising Tellus the Athenian, and teaching vain-glorious Crœsus the instability of greatness and wealth, he bids the Lydian son of Alyattes " to look to the end of life." Truly, the two words of Solon outweigh all the rest for practical wisdom, and many a volume could not exhaust the fullness of *γνῶθι σεαυτόν*.

Solon was a descendant of the celebrated Cadmus, the last king of Athens, and flourished in the seventh and sixth centuries before Christ: the popular accounts of him are accessible, if not familiar, to all; but it may not be so well known that even to us, the " extremis orbe Britannis," the wisdom of the sovereign legislator and archon of Athens has furnished laws: his original " kyrbes," (as the triangular tablets were called on which his code was written,) survived to the time when the twelve Roman tables were composed, and were incorporated into them; these again formed the ground-work of the laws of Justinian, many canons of which are in force in our own civil and ecclesiastical courts.

" The law commonly called the civil law, had its birth in Rome; and was first written by the Decemviri, three hundred and three years after the foundation of the city. It was compounded as well out of the Athenian and other Grecian laws, as out of the ancient Roman customs and laws regal." So far Sir Walter Raleigh, lib. ii. c. 4: we learn from other places, that the kyrbes of Solon were the staple and substance of the twelve tables of Rome.

Solon is known to history as a poet as well as a lawgiver; indeed it is said that his laws were written in verse, in order that the Athenians might more readily remember them: a striking contrast to our own verbose and unintelligible enactments, where words appear to be multiplied for the sole purpose of "darkening knowledge." There is a story told of him, which will afford an opportunity of presenting the reader with a fragment of his elegiac poetry. The Athenians having decreed that any one who should propose the recovery of Salamis from the Megarensians should be put to death, Solon, considering the decree dishonourable, had the patriotism to disobey it, and at the same time had the prudence to evade the law by feigning madness: accordingly he composed an elegy, and rushing into the agora in the dress worn by the insane, declaimed in a seeming inspiration against the measure: the poem began as follows,

Never was this fair city by Providence doom'd to be ruin'd,
Nor have the blest living gods deeply determin'd its end;
For a magnanimous warden, and born of a powerful father,
Pallas, Athenian queen, stretches above us a shield:
But by their own vile deeds to destroy that glorious city,
Such is her children's will, bribed by her enemies' gold.
κ. τ. λ.

There may not be sufficient interest to warrant further rendering: let it be enough to know that the attempt of Solon succeeded in raising to higher sentiments the variable populace.

ÆSOP.

A GARDEN of ungathered parable
Lies ripe around us, in fair-figured speech
Blooming, like Persian love-letters, to teach
Dull-hearted man where hidden pleasures dwell:
Its fruits, its flowers, of love and beauty tell,
And, as quick conscience wings the thought, to each
Doth all our green sweet world sublimely preach
Of wisdom, truth, and might, unutterable:
For thee, poor Phrygian slave, mind's free-born son,
In whose keen humour nought of malice lurk'd
While good was forced at wit's sarcastic fire,
The world should pay thee thanks, for having work'd
That garden first, and well the work is done,
A labourer full worthy of his hire.

Of Æsop's life we have little certain information. One Planudes, indeed, gives us a number of apocryphal anecdotes, all bearing upon his wit and ugliness, and in general derogatory to the philosophical grandeur of a certain Xanthus, otherwise Idmon, who appears to have been the but of his too satirical slave. The time at which Æsop lived is generally stated to be about 600 A. C.; and tradition tells of him that he originally came from Phrygia, was sold in Athens as a slave, actually at so low a sum as three copper oboli, through his clever defence of Samos obtained his manumission, became known to Solon, and through him, shared the bounty of Crœsus. His death is reported to have been owing to the exasperation of the people of Delphi, whose enmity he had excited by hindering the tide of gold from flowing into their coffers, and ridiculing their priestcraft in a fable: it is said that they managed to accuse him of sacrilege, by concealing a cup of gold among his baggage, as in Benjamin's case, and then hurried the condemned innocent man to the dreadful death of their Parnassian precipice.

St. Jerome instances Æsop as one of the most unfortunate of men; for his birth, state, and death were alike miserable; in that he was born deformed,

lived a slave, and died the death of a criminal. Yet did the holy father judge of him too much with the mind of a pagan Solon; for though deformed in body, he was a proper man in intellect, though a slave in condition, a freeman in soul, though visited by death in his worst shape, yet visited innocently. Verily, there are many fair, many free, many quietly dying who might find much to envy in foul, fettered, persecuted Æsop.

Even the accounts of his extreme deformity, as we have them, are very questionable: but there is some little antecedent probability of it; for dwarfs and hunchbacks have almost universally been famous for a cunning spirit, whether shown in the form of illnatured and acrimonious sarcasms, or manifested by "quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles." Of this established fact in human nature, many writers of fiction have availed themselves, and no novel reader can be at a loss for examples. The name Æsopus is said to be synonimous with Æthiops, in allusion to his black complexion; but it seems nearer allied to Asopus, a river in Asia: the great fabulist of antiquity is reported also to have been visited with the like affliction under which Moses, Paul, and other great men of old have laboured, impediment of speech; but if we reflect how often his extemporaneous eloquence served him in good stead, we shall see reason to reject the tradition.

Is it necessary to explain the allusion to a "Persian love-letter?" the phrase is, perhaps, scarcely a

correct one, but it may serve to convey the poetical idea of the children of the East, to whom every bunch of flowers tells its imaginative tale.

In reference to the priority of Æsop in fable, it should be stated, that, strictly, the first fable on record is that mentioned in the book of Judges, where Jotham admonishes the populace in the parable of the bramble, king of trees: this took place A. C. 1236. Hesiod also has been called the father of fable: but if we look into extreme antiquity, we shall find that the true originators of the fabulous were the inventors of hieroglyphics, and that to wonderful Egypt we must turn for the idea of symbolizing man and his passions by the brute creation. It is a curious coincidence in connexion with this idea, that when the Delphians were plagued for the murder of Æsop, the oracle commanded them to raise to him a commemorative pyramid.

It is difficult to say which of the fables that pass under Æsop's name can be truly ascribed to him: the common collections are by various authors, mostly by Phædrus, who lived in the Augustan age: however, as the two following pieces are among the less known, and very short, and even for that cause more likely to be Æsop's, the author has rendered them as below. It would be uncandid in any person to cavil about a lighter piece being introduced in its proper place, merely because matters of sacred import are discussed in their proper places: such an objector should apply to himself that immortal sen-

tence, which might have been Terence's epitaph, "Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto."

A very wise man built himself
A very little house:
His neighbour, puff'd with pride of pelf,
Cries out, How now, my sordid elf,
'Twill barely hold your learned self
Together with—a mouse:

The very wise man made reply;
It suits my private ends,—
It's big enough for me; and I
Will do my utmost, by and by,
To show my hospitality,
And *fill* it with—true friends.

Of course, the writer is aware that Phædrus has called the wise man above, Socrates, who coming much after Æsop, could not have been named in one of his fables: but this is interpolated by the Thracian freedman, part of whose work is, in fact, a loose paraphrase of Æsop. The following is very likely to have been spoken to the Athenians, by the hunchback himself.

Ages ago, beneath their care to be,
The blessed gods chose each his special tree.
Jove took the oak, and Cybele the fir,
As for fair Venus, myrtle best pleased her,

Hercules chose the poplar, Phœbus bay,—
Minerva, wondering, then began to say,
" Why take the barren trees? you judge amiss;"
Jove answered her, " Our reason's mainly this,
We would not have our honours bought and sold:"
Quoth she, again, " By Styx, when all is told,
I love not glories, useless branch and root,
Give me the olive, with both leaves and fruit."

We may well imagine such a fable would gratify, much and harmlessly, the vain-glorious people of Athens.

SAPPHO.

THE poisonous tooth of time, O shepherdess,
Hath killed thy thousand vines; a few scarr'd shoots
Alone are green above the withered roots,
And thence we cherish an admiring guess
Of what the rich ripe vintage should have been:
Poor muse, they do thee wrong; they have not seen
Those records lost of truth and tenderness,
They have not read thy heart,—but harm thee still
Where, as unknown, their charity should bless,
Tainting thy memory with whispered ill:
Yet are those snatches of thy musical songs
Full of warm nature, and impassioned truth,
Love, beauty, sweetness, and eternal youth:
Sappho,—we praise thee rather for thy wrongs.

Virgil in Georgic ii. 379, speaking of the cultivation of the vine, complains how much—

> " Nocuere greges, durique venenum
> Dentis, et admorso signata in stirpe cicatrix :"

and it is well known that fig-trees and vines seldom recover from the gnawing of a goat. The application is obvious to " tempus edax rerum," which, in truth, of all fair Sappho's nine books of songs, hymns, elegies, and epigrams, has grudgingly and barely spared us two imperfect odes, and a few scattered fragmentary lines. Under these circumstances, and especially as the little we have left is full of the most touching sentiment, and sweet expression, it is contended that the world has been very uncharitable to the moral memory of this poetess. Her love, deep as the shades and strong as death, was not necessarily criminal; those ministering handmaids, who tended the steps of " the tenth muse," were in all likelihood no worse, nor other, than innocent admiring pupils, who strove to follow in the steps of her poetic fame. But, truth to tell, man, as lord of the creation, is ever jealous of female superiority; and doubtless, this is an adequate reason for the fact, that almost no woman of learning or eminence has come down to our hearing with an unblemished reputation; without a di-

rect avowal to vindicate every individual, take, as examples, Semiramis, Aspasia, Cleopatra, and even Sheba's queen, Tyrian Elissa, surnamed Dido, or the great, and the learned Platonist Hypatia: poor Sappho has suffered more than others, because her crime has been to have excelled in what men account especially their high prerogative, literary composition; and it would not be difficult to mention many female names in modern times, (for one, Lady M. W. Montague,) that have been aspersed in like manner, and for a like reason: it would be improper to allude strikingly to more recent instances, but they will readily occur to the sagacious reader: envy has made sad havock with the character of many an authoress. We have but few knights-errant who will throw down the gauntlet on behalf of the fairer candidates for literary fame; our chivalry seldom goes the length of assisting the sex that should obey, in the acquisition of mental excellence, which is in fact the art of ruling: we want some Arcadian Sydney, who will joust for the fair oppressed with his pen: such an one was the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh, as we have seen in the case of Semiramis. Lesbian Sappho, the thesis of this episode, flourished about 600 A. C. Many have thought, without much reason, that there have existed two celebrated women of the name; there was probably but one, and that one is said to have flung herself into the sea from a mountain in the island of Leucadia, a victim to disappointed love for Phaon, the handsome sailor of Mitylene.

It is a strange fact, and exemplifies well the debt

we owe to the printing-press, to know that so lately as the time of Augustus, the works of Sappho were extant complete: as it is, whether from the conflagration at Alexandria, or otherwise, we have literally nothing left, but what the admiring ancients have incidentally quoted in their writings. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has preserved to us the following "Hymn to Venus," which has been attempted literally, in the sapphic metre.

Throned on the rainbow, goddess Aphrodité,
Daughter of Zeus, wile-weaver, I beseech thee,
Neither with fears nor sorrows, O thou dread one,
Thrall my poor bosom;

But hither speed, as oft in other seasons
Heeding with grace my suppliant invocation
Thou wert propitious, coming from the golden
Dome of the Father,

In thy light chariot harness'd by the sparrows
Which o'er the dark earth skimmingly did bear thee,
Quivering thence with rapid wing to heaven
Thro' the mid æther:

Swiftly they came; and thou, the everblessed,
Smiling with godlike countenance serenely,
Askedst me what I suffer'd then, and wherefore
Now I invoke thee;

And chiefly this, what most of all I long for
In my hot mind,—and whom I would entangle
In the strong meshes of my love;—O Sappho,
Who is it slights thee?

For if he flees her,—swiftly will she follow;
If he receive not gifts,—yet will she give them;
If he love not,—yet quickly will she kiss him,
Yea, tho' unwilling.

Come to me then, and save me from my sorrows
Hard to be borne, and what my soul desires
Done—see thou done, O goddess,—and my champion
Be thou for ever.

The classical reader will not require to be told, that it is little to the advantage of Sappho, to render the burning thoughts of that inspired poetess into a language so little majestic as our own, and that too, totidem verbis. Those who have the originals at hand, and are competent to the task, will no doubt institute comparisons: let them bear in mind that the learned Gerard Vossius of Dort has pronounced the sweetness of Sappho unapproachable; that of some words there are various readings; and that the genius of the English tongue is little adapted to the rigid rules of scanning: a derivative language must be dead, stiff and cold, before it can attain to the certainty of metre; instance among the ancients Homer and Ennius, and with us, the seeming laxity

of Chaucer: yet were these exact versifyers according to the rules of their own day. The following fragment of a love-song requires even more apology, as it has been cited by Longinus in exemplification of the beautiful sublime: the monstrous slander connected with it needs no repetition; it is quite sufficient to conceive that the poetess was speaking in the person of an imaginary pair, without accusing her of misplaced affections.

Equal to gods in beatific rapture
Seems the too favour'd lover, who beside thee
Fondly reclines, and whispering thee softly
Waits the sweet answer,

Sunnily smiling then:—ah me! that bright look
Pierces my heart, weak flutterer in my bosom,
Soon as I see thy fairness, am I stricken
Silent and breathless;

Then flow my words with utterance incoherent,
Over my skin the thrilling fire rushes,
Dimm'd are mine eyes, my ringing ears are deafen'd
With hollow boomings,

Then am I bathed in chilly dews,—a trembling
Seizes me,—paler am I than the flower
Faint with the sun,—weak, motionless, and helpless,
Languidly dying,—
Yet must I dare to tell my love——

And this is all that has come down to us of an ode full of unutterable feeling. It is currently reported that by these stanzas the physician of Antiochus Soter tested the love of the latter for Stratonice: but surely nature was a poetic teacher nearer at hand than even her sweet handmaid Sappho: such symptoms are not to be learnt from books. It might be more courtly to profess obligation to a fashionable ode, than to the humbler skill of perceiving the weakness of humanity.

PYTHAGORAS.

RARE Egypt, not thine own sweet-watered Nile,
Thy Memphis, nor those seated giants twain,
Not golden Thebes, nor Luxor's stately fane,
Nor Pyramids eterne of mountain pile,
Exhaust thy glories gone: thy grander boast
Was learning, and her sons,—who thronged of old
To draw fair knowledge from thy generous coast,
Nor drew in vain, but drank the blessed draught;
And deepest hath this noble Samian quaff'd
Who walketh with me now in white and gold;
Wear thou indeed that crown, mysterious sage,
Whose soaring fancy, with deep diving thought,
Hath pour'd mind-riches over every age,
And charm'd a world Pythagoras hath taught.

The learning of the Egyptians has almost fallen into a proverb. It has become trite to allude to Moses, or to bring forward authorities on a point so little disputed. An hour's attention well directed in the British Museum will convey to the reader a far more amusing and instructive proof of the wonderful state of early Egyptian art, than could be arrived at by a whole library of dry treatises, deprived of the potent teaching of the eye. From whatever quarter the Egyptians derived their extraordinary knowledge, and so precocious withal, it is certain that nearly all other nations have been nurtured at the breasts of their wisdom. Israel, Greece, Etruria, Edom, Susa, nay not impossibly Mexico, and our own Cyclopian Druids, derived knowledge and arts of all kinds from Egypt, that country which now, in fulfilment of prophecy, has so strangely become the vilest of kingdoms. That all the great peculiarities in the teaching of Pythagoras had their root at least in the twenty-two years of instruction which he passed in the Theban temples is demonstrable, if not at once admitted: the theories of astronomy, and cosmogony, of transmigration, of mystic signs,—and therefore the philosopher's favourite notion of numbers symbolizing all things algebraically,—nay, of the musical

scale so confidently given to him, (for surely the harpers on the wall of the royal tomb at Thebes were there anterior to the sojourn of Pythagoras in Egypt,) —all the above, and more, were to be learnt of the priests at Memphis and Thebes, as we now know from their hieroglyphical chambers. Nevertheless, after so great a deduction, there can be very little doubt that Pythagoras was one of the wisest uninspired men that ever lived; "vir præstanti sapientiâ," as Cicero calls him: the influence he held over the world was unbounded, and has not yet ceased; he is still in many respects "the philosopher," and his *αὐτὸς ἔφα* is often still despotic from its truth.

The subject of Pythagoras offers a most inviting opportunity for many discussions on speculative points; a whole harvest of thought starts up in the furrows of the mind, ripe for the sickle; but we have in this place little room to garner them. Otherwise, we might at length pursue the interesting enquiry how far the illustrious Samian may have been indebted for some of his religious theories to a possible interview with captive Jews at Babylon: a question analogous to the connection of Isaiah, the Sibylline books, and the fourth Eclogue of Virgil. We might enter into the recondite philosophy of his doctrine of numbers: the general depth and truth of his metaphysical theories: the exact correspondence observed by Clement to exist between the ecclesiastic orders of the Hebrews, and the different ranks of the Pythagorean proselytes: the human

causes of his wonderful success in reforming luxurious Crotona: the wisdom of appropriating the white robe, the crown of gold, a mysterious secresy, and the assumption of semi-divinity. We might rebuke the morality, while admiring the sagacity, of the falsehood he practised on the world, by immuring himself in a cave for many days, until pallid and emaciated, the glorious impostor returned as with messages from Hades. We might narrate the extraordinary coincidence perceptible between the musical genius of Handel and Pythagoras, in the invention of the monochord from the same cause which has bequeathed to us the "Harmonious Blacksmith." Lastly, we might descant at the length which the atrocity deserved, on the shameful fact that the envy of a malicious populace, headed by Cylon and other demagogues, starved this great philosopher to death in the temple of the Muses, solely because he numbered men of rank and property among his disciples.

Of all the above thus briefly: a few more facts of moment, and little known, deserve to be repeated. Several lives of Pythagoras were written; as by Diogenes Laertius of Cilicia, by Syrian Iamblichus, and by Melek, surnamed Porphyry. That of Iamblichus, although most dealing in the marvellous, has an extraordinary interest, when we know that it was written by command of Julian the Apostate in order to rival the inspired histories of our Lord Christ: accordingly, it is full of miracles, lacking *only* the

internal evidences of utility and fitness, and the external evidence of attestation. Vain and besotted man, to institute comparisons between Christ raising the dead, and Pythagoras appearing at Elis with a gilt thigh ;—between the wonders of merciful omnipotence, and the puerile natural magic of reflecting letters of blood through a glass upon the moon! Truly, great Pythagoras, thy fame is little indebted to so judicious a biographer: let us in conclusion turn to better things. The learned and witty Platonist, Hierocles of Alexandria, has devoted a volume to comment upon the traditional sayings of Pythagoras, many of which go far to illustrate this teacher's wisdom. Let us first take from the Commentary, (p. 342, of ed. 1673,) the origin of the name. "Aristippus, quoted by Laertius, says of the word, Pythagoras, that it was given to him because he preached truth as surely as Apollo; quasi, πυθίως ἀγορεύειν:" similarly, in the Christian Church, John of Antioch was named from his eloquence Chrysostom, or golden-mouthed. Next, concerning the much disputed point as to the authorship of the Pythagorean verses, which have been ascribed to Epicharmus of Cos, and others, let us hear the testimony of Jerome: "Whose then are these golden sayings? are they not those of Pythagoras? in which briefly are contained all his dogmas." Proclus also, or Procles, and Clement of Alexandria are of the same opinion: contrary are Chrysippus, Plutarch, Galen, and others. However disputed the

question of the authorship of the seventy-one golden verses may be, (called golden, be it remembered, not for the elegance of their composition or beauty of their flow, a popular notion which is quite erroneous, but for their purity of sentiment, and practical wisdom,) all will agree that they convey the doctrines of Pythagoras honestly; as for the symbols, and disjointed sayings, these all are believed to be traditionally authentic.

The reader will not be displeased to have a specimen of Pythagorean morals as contained in these golden verses, in their own metre: to transcribe the whole might be accounted more tedious than their curiosity would warrant.

First, honour thou the immortal gods, as a law of thy being:
Next, religiously keep thine oath, and reverence heroes:
Pay thou then the respect that is due to the dead, and their demons:
Then honour those who begat thee, and let thy nearest be dearest:
After all these get a friend, whoever is foremost in virtue:
Yield to the modest excuse, and bow to the deeds of the useful:
Hate not a friend, and cast him not off, for trivial offences:
Do thy best; for fate dwells near to the line of thy power:
See thou observe the above. Strive also to compass as follow:
Conquer thy hunger, thy sloth, and thy lust; be master of anger:
Do no deed of disgrace, whether others witness thine actions,
Or thy conscience alone; above all things honour thy conscience.

In a similar strain of moral excellence, varied by sectarian peculiarity, runs the whole poem. One or

two of the riddles or symbols of Pythagoras are presented; they are too curious and too seldom to be met with to need apologetic introduction. "Sacrifice and worship with naked feet;" an evident allusion to Moses at the burning bush, and emblematical of renouncing the merit of works. "Speak not of Pythagorean doctrines in the dark:" meaning, without the light of initiation. "Stir not the fire with a sword,"—doubtless intended of angry contests, as "add not fuel to flame," with us. "Leap not over the yoke," applicable to the case of not resisting providences. "Wear not a ring," whether because among the Egyptians it symbolized eternity, or was a mark of rank, and so of pride, among the ancients, (see James, ii. 2,) does not appear. "Cut not a stick by the way,"—but go on your journey prepared. "Give not your right hand to any one;" so Polonius, in Hamlet,

> —"do not dull thy palm with entertainment
> Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade."

"Eat not your heart," as the silent La Trappist, or lonely Stylite. "Abstain from beans,"—perhaps, because unwholesome, as pork was forbidden to the Jews; perhaps, meddle not with politics, because the bean was sometimes used for balloting: but more likely, from some hieroglyphical secret of Egypt now beyond our reach. The symbols extend to thirty-nine, and some have thought that Pythagoras derived them from the priestess of the sacred island Delos.

CONFUCIUS.

—For thou art worthy, Seric Socrates,
Of the bright robe, and that fair coronet,
Meed of true goodness, on thy forehead set,
Worthy to walk in equal bliss with these
Thy peers, in Hades' dreamy valley met;
For thine were pure and patriot services
High worth, and generous love of doing good,
Gilding the darkness of a barbarous clime
That paid thee wages of ingratitude,
After the Balaam cunning of a foe
Had drown'd thine efforts in adulterous crime
For righteous weal exchanging sinful woe:
Witness, ye spirits of the good and wise,
None recks of greatness till the great man dies.

The substance of our motto, "We think scorn of goodness, while living familiarly with us, but praise and admire it when taken from us," a sentiment expressed by a diviner teacher in the saying, "No man is a prophet in his own country, nor in his father's house," was strangely exemplified in Confucius. This great man, who would have been a light in morals, and a champion in accomplishments even among the philosophers of Greece, flourished in wisdom among a people degraded by the grossest idolatries, about the sixth century before Christ. He was a native of Loo, one of the provinces of China, and was of royal descent. In this quarter of the world so little is popularly known of him, that it would not be difficult to find men of acquirements seriously imagining that Confutsee was a fabulous hero; but on consulting history it will be found that his character, for purity of life, genius, learning, simplicity, disinterested patriotism, and contempt of mere wealth, was one of the brightest ever produced by the heathen world. In addition to natural qualifications, there are some singular parallels to be drawn between Confucius and Socrates. Both were remarkably reformers of morals, and teachers of youth; both were accused of atheism for rejecting

the absurdities of pagan worship, and substituting natural religion; both made some advances even in anticipation of revealed truth; both were in life cast off, and in death all but worshipped by their countries; and both may be regarded as martyrs, although the death of Confucius was only a violent one ethically speaking,—for he died of grief that "he did no good, that his efforts were in vain, and the travail of life useless:" to complete the picture, both died nearly at the same age.

The reader will remember that Balaam recommended Balak (according to the New Testament commentary) to destroy the Israelites by alienating them from God by means of the Moabitish women: a fiendish counsel in which he was unwittingly followed by the king of a neighbouring province to that of Confucius, who undid all the reforms of the philanthropist by inundating his native country with the most abandoned females: in the same way Capua was a Cannæ to Hannibal; and indeed to Assyria under Sardanapalus, to the Greek states, the Roman empire, nay to the whole world in all ages, the same evils have ever operated for destruction, the same "Stetere causæ, cur perirent Funditus, imprimeretque muris Hostile aratrum exercitus insolens."

It is remarkable, that although Confucius left but one immediate descendant, a grandson, his posterity through seventy generations have lived and multiplied even to this day. They are said to enjoy many ho-

nours and immunities as the kith and kin of a sage, who in his own day was a wandering exile, and a persecuted preacher of righteousness: and Confucius himself is now an object of idolatry to his indebted countrymen.

Dr. Morrison has furnished us with some curious particulars relative to this extraordinary man: as, that miracles and wonders happened at his birth; that he was born with an inscription on his breast, signifying "universal lawgiver;" that (like Saul, and Musæus,) he grew to a gigantic size; that he was a prophet, and was warned of his own dissolution by a dream; and the like. It is well known that the stable rule of government, founded on the fifth commandment, as it has for ages existed in China, mainly originated with Confucius, whose sacred books on Education, Moderation, and Conversation turn chiefly on the principle of filial duty: a system alike in accordance with nature, reason, and religion, although in common with all others, liable to abuse.

The sayings of Confucius, which have come down to us, confirm his fame: almost in so many words, he (as also indeed did Milesian Thales,) gave the golden rule of conduct, "Do as you would be done by;" his sentiments on life, society, character, and virtue, were admirable: and that he thought well politically, take as an example the following sentence out of his Lungyieu, ch. xvii. § 15. "A mean man cannot serve his king: for when he is out of office his only object is to obtain it, and when he

is in office, his only care is to keep it. In the unprincipled dread of losing his place, he is ready to go all lengths." Confucius himself was an eminent example of disinterestedness: for, finding his efforts for his country's good thwarted by the profligate conduct of the king and court of Loo, he threw up his dignities and offices, and became a private but influential teacher of morals in more temperate Siam: a conduct worthy of imitation, so as pique be not mistaken for proper self-respect, nor obstinate selfishness for uncompromising patriotism.

PINDAR.

Ye harp-controlling hymns! triumphant praise,
That heralded to his delighted home
The blushing victor of departed days
From Elis, or Nemæa, or the dome
Of sacred Delphi,—spirit-stirring songs,
Even now your echoes linger on mine ears,
And to your Theban father still belongs
That name, time-honoured twice a thousand years,
King of the sounding lyre: nor alone
For music be thy praise, but for a heart
Strung with affections of deep-thrilling tone
And patriot feelings that in lightning dart
Through the mute souls of all, with charmed suspense,
Listening in love thy honied eloquence

The *ἀναξι φόρμιγγες ὕμνοι* of Pindar are odes in honour of the successful candidates in the Olympic games; chiefly remarkable for a boldness of flight which has perhaps never since been surpassed; and varied with many episodes of patriotic warmth, divine zeal, and human sympathy. The stream of time,—and it is now twenty-three centuries since the bard of Thebes was in his prime,—has spared to us comparatively few specimens of his exalted genius; but long before the day of Horace as long after our own, it is true of Pindar, that he was, is, and will be, 'Laureâ donandus Apollinari.'

The epithet 'honied' is an allusion to the anecdote told of him that the wild bees dropped their honey on his lips as he lay a sleeping child.

At the risk of some censure, the writer has subjoined in unadorned English a specimen of Pindar: he has endeavoured to render it almost literally, in opposition to the usual style of loaded ornament, and with the original metre and accent as much as possible preserved; a task of considerable difficulty, and for which due allowance should be made. One great stumbling block in the way, is caused by the very diverse feelings with which moderns now regard such physical contests as were displayed at the

Olympic games: our imaginations immediately picture to us boxers and horse-jockeys, and are saturated with mean, if not ridiculous notions: whereas the ancients viewed the successful candidate in those solemn games as a hero, a conqueror, a man of high, though sudden, political importance, nay as a religious competitor favoured by heaven; he was a chief of men, praised by the old, and worshipped by the young; he was carried in a triumphant procession to his native town, which thereby acquired new dignity, and instead of entering by the gate, he was carried in by a breach in the city wall, to signify that while such a hero was within the place, there was no need of ramparts.

TO MELISSUS OF THEBES, A VICTOR IN THE CHARIOT-RACE.

STROPHE.

If the man, whom fortune blesses
Either in all-glorious prizes
Or in power of wealth, refrain
His soul from chilling insolence,
Worthy is he to be greeted with his fellows' praise:
Mightier excellence flows from thee, Zeus, to mortals;
And their weal, it grows for ever,
Who follow thee with their hearts; but the joys
Of the froward in their budding
Wither always fast away.

ANTISTROPHE.

Bring rewards for great achievements:
Come now let us hymn the noble,
Come, his triumph let us speed
With lovely canzonets of joy:
Doubly a conqueror fate hath will'd Melissus,
Filling with honied delight our hearts within us;
He was crown'd on plains of Isthmus;
And in the echoing grove of Nemæa
Where the throttling lion moaned,
His fair prowess honoured Thebes.

EPODE.

Victorious charioteer!
Ancestral renown
Its offspring never disgraces.
Of old ye know Cleonymus,
His ancient fame in chariots:
And thy mother-kin, the Labdacidæ,
Mighty heirs of treasure, toiled
In the strife of the four-horse car.
Time with his whirling periods
Brings about various accidents:
The children of heaven alone know not change nor harm.

The above is the third Isthmian ode; and was selected, although less poetical than many others, as a brief epitome of the peculiarities of Pindar: his re-

ligion; compare James, i. 17, "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above," &c.: his moralizing tone, compare Psalm i. 3, 4, where the same image is used concerning the just and the ungodly: his spirited variety in introducing the hero: his patriotic joy that Thebes has been honoured: his well-known foible of almost worshipping wealth and rank: and the wise hint to the exulting victor with which he concludes, reminding him that he is mortal. There is a curious parallelism here with that phrase in Shakspeare; "and so the whirligig of time brings round his revenges." Of course, the reader who is learned in Greek metres, will be the best judge of the possibility of combining accuracy with a due degree of elegance. The idea of such possibility is a favourite one with the writer, and he has presently attempted a chorus of Æschylus under the same difficult circumstances.

ARISTIDES.

SEVERE in simple virtue, nobly poor,
The guard alike and glory of all Greece
Thro' fierce invading war, and factious peace,
Model for youth, the temperate and pure,
Exemplar for old age, the just and good,
Athenian Aristides meekly stood,
A thankless people's boast: thee—country's love
Warm'd with its holiest flame; thee—party spite
From hearth and home to bitter exile drove
Envied for goodness: still, the patriot fight
Against the Mede beheld thee in the van
Doubly a victor, at the selfsame hour
Crushing the foreign despot's giant power,
And conquering in thyself the pride of man.

Republicanism has little to boast of, in the conduct of ancient Athens towards her most illustrious children. No sooner did any one, by his talents, virtues, or the more accidental matter of prosperous industry, rise to influence, power, fame, or wealth, than he became immediately obnoxious to the popular envy. To exemplify this position fully would ask merely a transcription of the names and fortunes of all Athenians, who, in spite of the deadening poison of democracy, were bravest, greatest, wisest, best; Lucian in his Dialogue on Calumny furnishes us with a long list of these injured worthies: republican Rome is open to a similar accusation, and indeed the evil is a necessary consequence of government being in the hands of a bad majority. Scripture warns us against going with the multitude to do evil; and history is full of proofs of the danger of neglecting this warning: truth, virtue and excellence are not to be predicated of the masses; they are necessarily rarities; the principle of representation is only good in so far as it is a faithful abstract of the wisdom, religion, industry, and patriotism of a state: when it descends to indiscriminate polling, it can only be expected to bear witness to the vice, folly, and self-interest of man below the average.

Aristides is not one of those, who have dropped into the grave "illacrymabiles, ignotique longâ nocte, carent quia vate sacro;" for he has found a laudatory historian in Plutarch, who gives several anecdotes in witness of his worth: e. g. that he was universally surnamed the Just; that the whole theatre with one acclaim recognized the eulogy on Amphiaraus in Æsch. sept. contra Theb. as applicable to him; that he had the magnanimity to give up his military command to Miltiades; that when he went into exile, he prayed aloud for his ungrateful country; that in the fall of Themistocles, his bitterest personal and political enemy, he refused to join with Alcmæon, Cimon, and the rest, in prosecuting him, and was a friend to his own worst foe; that having had many opportunities of enriching himself from the public monies, he died a poor man, insomuch that he left his two daughters dependent on public charity, and had not enough to pay the expenses of his burial. Few will be found willing to deny a similar eulogium for public honesty to our great statesman, William Pitt.

Aristides flourished about 490 B. C. and was mainly instrumental in conquering the navies and armies of Xerxes at Salamis and Platæa: indeed he proved himself alike illustrious as a warrior, a minister, and a judge.

ÆSCHYLUS.

Thou rock-bound and undying sacrifice,—
Ye fierce conspiring chieftains,—haggard queen,—
Thou parricide, convulsed with agonies,—
Ye furies, thro' the fearful darkness seen
Glaring with horrid eye and spectral mien,—
Appear, appear—for him, whose magic spell
From the dim void of intellectual night
Gave ye dread being, terribly to tell
The shuddering world a masterspirit's might:
Yet thus alone not worthily nor well
Nor equal to a patriot-poet's praise
In black procession stalks gigantic crime;
To thee, great bard, their holier worship raise
Deep thoughts, high hopes, and symphonies sublime.

The chief remaining tragedies of Æschylus are lightly touched in the foregoing sonnet. That of them, which to us has the most enduring interest, is the Prometheus Desmotes, from the circumstance that there is in the structure of the story a vague similitude to the scheme of salvation. Indeed, the notion of a god-descended man suffering the penalties of justice for man, and filling him with benefits is so explicit, that some ludicrously stolid infidels have gone to the extremity of supposing that Christianity owed its doctrines to Æschylus! However, it is credible enough that a traditionary exposition of the bruising of the serpent's head may have reached the borders of Greece: indeed we see the same just ideas in the mythologies both of Egypt and India.

The choruses of Æschylus, though often corrupt and much mistaken, are by many acknowledged to be the headstone of the pyramid of sublime poetry; but we ought always to bear in mind the great disadvantages under which, in our day, we review the fame of ancient dramatists: in the present case, for example, out of ninety tragedies, forty of which received public prizes, only seven have survived to us; and even with these the ignorance of scribes, and

otherwise the gnawing tooth of time have made great havoc: in fact, we are scarcely fair judges of a genius so remote, and, since it blazed of old, so shorn of its coruscations; of those eighty-three lost dramas, lost for ever to the poet's fame, and the world's delight, we can but loosely guess the aggregate power, learning, elegance, and intellect; we can but faintly imagine their popular influence, and intrinsic grandeur; we can, to be fair upon Æschylus, only ask ourselves, where would be a Shakspeare, a Moliere, a Tasso, or a Schiller, with eleven twelfths of their fame-commanding labours utterly destroyed, as the "baseless fabric of a vision?"—and the same considerations are applicable to Sophocles, Euripides, and others their brethren: truly, there were giants in those days.

The following literal extract from the Prometheus Bound, 88—108, illustrates the remarks ventured above relative to a vicarious sacrifice for man.

Thou glorious heaven, and ye swift-winged breezes,
Fountains of rivers, and of briny waves
The countless dimple,—thou too, mother earth,
And thou, all-seeing sun,—I do invoke ye:
Behold me, what from gods a god I suffer!
See, with what unseemly pangs
Tortured for eternity
I must wrestle! such a prison
This new monarch of the blest
Hath found for me degrading.

Woe, woe! agonies present and oncoming
Loudly I moan,—whence, whence can an end
Of these bitter sufferings dawn?—
And yet, what say I?—all the future clearly
Do I foreknow, nor unawares on me
Can any misery come; I must endure
My destined lot of woe as best I may,
Knowing that fate is irresistible.
Yet can I neither leave untold, nor tell
Aright my wrongs; for upon Man bestowing
Gifts, I myself with pangs am yok'd,—the wretched!

The next translation offered is a chorus from the "Persians," word for word, and in the same metres as the Greek; it is an invocation of the ghost of Darius, and addressed in the first instance to Atossa.

O royal lady, grace of the Persians,
Down to earth's inner-halls send thy drink-offerings,
We, the while, will in our anthems entreat
The guides of the dead
Propitious to be from beneath.
Ye then, inviolate demons of burial,
Earth, and Hermes, and king of the Manës,
Send from below his soul to the light!
For should he know any balm for adversity
He could of mortals alone tell it out.
Does then my liege, blesséd in death e'en as a god, listen to me,
Uttering distinctly

Dirges of varied sorrowful note
Full of sadness and misery?
All wretched wailings
I will shriek aloud.
Doth from the dead he hear me?—
Now do thou, Earth, and ye the dark lords of the dead, rulers of hell
Suffer the great spirit
Your dread palace to leave awhile;
Susa's child and all Asia's god,
Send him up unto us,
Him, such as never
Persian soil hath covered yet:
Dear is the mound to us, dear is the hero;
Lovingly the grave hath hid him.
King of Hades, send him up again—release him,
King of Hades,
Send up Darius, mighty king Darius!
For never mortals to perdition
Did he send by toils of battle:
Wise as a god was he nam'd by the Persians,
Wise as a god
He was, for he guided his armament well.
Ruler, thou ancient ruler,—appear, ascend,
Rise to the high sepúlcre's summit,
Lift aloft thy royal sandal dipp'd in crocus,
O display now the frontlet
Of the king's tiara:
Inviolate, father, Darius, come!
That thou may'st hear the new, the last evils,

O monarch of monarchs, appear thou !
For upon us Stygian gloom heavily broods ;
Utterly all have perished
All our youthful army.
Inviolate, father, Darius, come !
O grief, O grief,
O greatly lamented by friends in thy death,
Why is it, emperor, emperor,
That thine own land a two-fold
Error hath rent asunder ?
All thy navies
On that rugged shore are wrecked,
Shattered, oarless, and undecked.

Modern associations connected with theatrical matters derogate much from a due appreciation of the Greek dramatists. The labours of those great poet-patriots differed as totally, both in aim and influence, from the mere amusing character of modern plays, as a solemn oratorio from a light melodrame. The tragedies of the Greek theatre had ever a direct tendency towards their love of country, and national religion, and may perhaps be likened not inappropriately to the holy spectacles performed at Rome, and elsewhere, during the season of Lent. The " sacred dramas" of Hannah More, or Shakspeare's patriotic Henry the Fifth, may be mentioned as having been written with similar intentions.

HERODOTUS.

Olympia, with her festal multitude,
Beheld thy triumph first, in glad acclaim
Hailing thy nascent dawn of ceaseless fame,
Eldest historian,—while Jove's sacred wood
And vocal statue sounded out thy name,
As gathered Græcia's all of wise and good
Inscribed upon those modest narratives
The hallowed titles of the classic Nine:
For, sweet simplicity through every line,
With graphic phrase and talent, breathes and lives,—
Truth, tolerance, pow'r, and patience, these are thine:
And let not pedants to thy blame recall
That thy fresh mind such ready credence gives,
For thou art Charity, believing all.

Herodotus, who, to omit the inspired Jewish writers, deserves his oft-repeated name of Father of History, as well from high antiquity as from an accuracy acknowledged to this day, and a general beauty and naiveté of style seldom since equalled, was born at Halicarnassus A. C. 484. In the year 445, he read his history at the celebration of the Olympic games, and it was received with such acclamation, that the people perceiving it to be divided into nine books, with a delicacy of compliment peculiarly Grecian, immediately hailed it by the names of the nine Muses: a grove sacred to Jupiter, and his statue sixty feet high were in the vicinity of the games. The style of Herodotus, most unlike to that of Thucydides, is artless, diffuse, and full of episodes: his credulity has been censured, but as he always distinguishes facts from rumours, his credibility is seldom impeached.

In passing, it may be useful to observe that there are many things in Herodotus, illustrative of the sacred scriptures; for example, the building of the pyramids, wherein are some intimations that they were erected by the captive Israelites; the destruction of Babylon, remarkably showing the literal fulfilment of the prophecies contained in the concluding chapters

of Jeremiah; the miraculous overthrow of the army of Sennacherib; the capture of Jerusalem,—called Cadytis, el koyds, the holy city,—by Pharaoh Necho: and numerous other matters, which, while it would take a treatise fully to discuss, may yet not ungratefully to some readers be shortly introduced as follow.

It will be necessary to premise that the references are made only to the Clio and Euterpe of Gaisford's edition, and that as the list is strictly of the author's own furnishing, he has probably failed in noticing many coincidences: had brevity been less consulted it might have appeared in a form less uninviting.

Clio. chs. xxiii. xxiv. All fable being perverted tradition of some truth, the story of Arion may perhaps be traced to the scriptural account of Jonah. lix. line 85. Herodotus has probably ascribed Elijah's miracle, 1 Kings, xviii. 38, to Hippocrates. cv. l. 40—50. This may allude to the capture of the ark by the Philistines; and their emerods; 1. Sam. v. As the Israelites were much addicted to the worship of Astaroth, (Venus,) Herodotus might have imagined the tabernacle to have been her temple.

Actions and facts related of Cyrus by Herodotus Lib. Clio, which were predicted in Scripture. Isaiah's prophecy, chs. xliv. and lv., was given, B. C. 712. Jeremiah's, chs. l. and li. B. C. 595. Cyrus was born, B. C. 571; consequently Isaiah prophesied of him 141 years and Jeremiah 24 years

prior to his birth. Is. xliv. 27. 'I will dry up thy rivers.' Jer. l. 38. 'A drought is upon her waters, and they shall be dried up.' Jer. li. 36. 'I will dry up her sea, and make her springs dry:' also see Is. xli. 2, 3. Comp. Herodoti Clio, cxci. line 60,—67. Is. xliv. 28.—xlv. 1, &c. Cyrus predicted by name, his wonderful successes, his being under God's protection, and yet, v. 4, his ignorance of the true God. Comp. Herod. Clio, cxiii. line 95, name. Idem, clxxvii. and cciv. l. 10, his unparalleled success. Id. ccix. sect. 6. ccx. sect. 1. cxxvi. s. 7. cxxiv. s. 2. cciv. s. 2, &c. his being under God's protection. Id. ccvii. s. 3 and 4, &c. his ignorance of God. Jer. l. 3. A nation from the north against Babylon. Herod. —Medes and Persians. l. v. 9, 'an assembly of nations from the north;' 'arrows.' Herod. such was Cyrus's army. v. 14. Babylon's depravity. So Clio, cxcvi. l. 5, &c. v. 18. Similarity in fate with Nineveh. v. 24. 'A snare for Babylon,' see Cl. cxci. v. 29. Of Cyrus's 'archers' we read, Cl. ccxiv. v. 40. Similarity in fate with Sodom and Gomorrah, utter devastation,—the site unknown. v. 41, and 2. Agreeing with the description of Cyrus's army. v. 43 and 44. The Babylonians soon retired within their walls. Cl. cxc. Jer. li. v. 8. Babylon's 'sudden' fall. Cl. cxci. v. 11. Cyrus was 'king of the Medes' and Persians: Astyages also, the king of the Medes, was still alive, and was nominally king. v. 12. 'The ambushes,' Cl. cxci. sect. 2. v. 13. Babylon's wealth, &c. Cl. clxxviii. vv. 27, 28. The nations of Cyrus's army enumerated.

v. 30. Observe Cl. cxc. sect. 2. v. 31. Observe Cl. cxci. sect. 9. v. 39. 'The feast,' observe Cl. cxci. line 78, ὁρτὴν. v. 54. The massacre. v. 57. The drunken feast: ἐν εὐπαθείῃσι.

If the passages are referred to the coincidence between the prophet and the historian will be perceived to be very striking. Rich's Memoir of a Journey to Babylon illustrates well the present picture of devastation predicted by Jeremiah: Belshazzar is in all likelihood the Labynetus of Herodotus. The fifth chapter of Daniel describes the scene in Babylon, synchronous with Herod. Clio, cxci.

Euterpe. ch. xxxvii. Circumcision practised among the Egyptians; a custom not likely to have arisen from any other source than the command to Abraham: The Israelites had sojourned 430 years in Egypt. Ibid. Shaving of the priests; in cute curandâ plus æquo operata: propriety of the plague of lice on the Egyptians: see Bryant. Ch. xxxix. A sacrifice, similar to the scapegoat. Ch. xli. The golden calf set up by Aaron under Mount Horeb was probably the idol sacred to Isis. Ch. xlii. A perverted and confused, but still sufficiently evident account of Moses beholding God, (Ex. xxxiii. 18,) and Abraham's sacrificial ram, (Gen. xxii. 13.) Ch. xlvi. 'The original eight gods,' Noah and his sons, with their wives. Ch. lxxv. 'Winged serpents from Arabia,' Numb. xxi. 6. Ch. lxxxi. 'Linsey-woolsey garments'—forbidden to the Israelites, to distinguish them from idolaters. Ch. lxxxv. Grief for the dead.

So the account of their grief at the Hebrews' passover, Ex. xii. 30. Ch. cxxv. sect. 5, comp. Numb. xi. 5. Ch. cxxviii. Κτήνεα in the land of Goshen. Ch. cxli. Hezekiah's faith, (Is. xxxvi.) and consequent miraculous victory over Sennacherib, attributed to Sethon. 92nd line remarkable. Comp. Is. xxxvii. 1. Hezekiah conquered Sennacherib B. C. 713, being the same date as Sethon. Ch. xclii. l. 25. Allusions to the sun stopping, e. g. in the times of Joshua and Hezekiah. Ch. clix. 2 Chron. xxxv. 20, &c. Νεκὼς, Nechos. μαγδόλῳ Megiddo or Magdiel. Κάδυτιν, from kadash, holy, *Hiero*solyma. The character of Apries, or Pharaoh Hophra given by Ezekiel, xxix. and Herod. C. clxix. 2.

The above list is confessedly imperfect, and, except to the very few who may be diligent enough to search out the parallels, will be accounted of little interest: but it is inserted for their sakes, and so far bears its own apology.

HIPPOCRATES.

Dust unto dust: the silver spinal cord
Shall soon be loos'd; the forehead's golden bowl,
That precious chalice for the wine of soul,
Be shivered, and its treasure all out-pour'd;
The cell-stopt veins, that, as an emptying vase,
Pour back upon the heart its weakened stream,
Be shattered all; the circling wheel that draws
From a strange cistern,—this corporeal frame,—
Moisture and increase, must be broken up;
And with the shock we wake from life's dull dream:
Still, oftentimes the wholesome bitter cup,
The glory, great physician, of thine art,
Shall wondrously from ill-timed death redeem,
Rallying the routed forces of the heart.

The reader is referred to the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes, for a most instructive, and highly poetical picture of old age and death. Since the discovery of the circulation of the blood by modern physiologists, it has been remarked with admiration that inspired Solomon enunciated this enigma three thousand years ago. In like manner, without doubt, many other secrets of creation lie hid in the Scriptures, not perhaps so much for our direct instruction, as to prove the antecedence of the Divine knowledge, after human philosophy, climbing the ladder of experiment, has arrived at the fact questioned: but it must always be borne in mind, that the hints referred to, having an obscurity analogous to that of prophecy, can perhaps seldom be explained correctly until philosophy has demonstrated them: the hand-maid Science unveils the novice Truth, and sees upon her forehead the seal of religion.

In illustration of this sonnet, should be added,—that the veins at intervals have a beautiful interior mechanism of cells, whereby the wearied stream, forced up, is prevented from falling back again; also, that Hippocrates of Cos, a very fit classical type of his brethren, after a truly glorious and useful life of nearly one hundred years, received divine

honours, and the epithet of "the Great." His works are even now in esteem, although upwards of two thousand two hundred years old, and as he was a direct descendant of Æsculapius, so he may be accounted the intellectual father of Claudius Galen. The great secret of the success in therapeutics of this illustrious triad, (who in any ideal apotheosis of their art, deserve to stand together like Horus, Nephthe, and Osiris,) was that of relying on observation and the practical statistics of nosology, instead of obstinately adhering to the conventional medicines, wherewith the theories of others had attacked disease. They, rightly regarding the body of each individual as too variably constituted to submit to the Procrustes law of universal remedies, compassed the advantage of mankind and secured their worship by the more sensible rule of a specific treatment in every case. Bigotry in religion, dogmatism in science, and quackery in physic are congeners; all endeavouring after one Shibboleth, one law, or one cure, for the case of all: whereas the truer and more charitable notion is to regard each man in soul, mind, and body, as something other than a mere "animal implume," something distinct from one of a large like class, something,—(albeit we speak paradoxes,)—singular, though in a herd, and independent, although yoked under universal subjection. "Nihil simile" is the law of nature: and be a man's disease of the mind or of the body, the student of Hippocrates and Reason will cure

by no unqualified panacea, but by that remedy, physical or moral, which is specifically suited to the individual case.

Common sense, and common experience alike vindicate the golden maxim of Hippocrates, that Nature is the great physician, Νόσα φύσις ἰητρός. The energies of vitality in the human frame are, after all, those providential guides and guards which save through the valley of the shadow of death; but often in the pilgrimage of life, overpowered for a time in the unequal conflict, that inner escort requires extraneous assistance; and the wise master in the healing art knows well that too much help in a limited space is as bad generalship, as too little; that the body weakened by disease, like a town besieged, asks not so great an addition to the garrison, as may straiten yet more its famishing resources; nor yet, is in a state to be put off with infinitesimal succour, throwing one recruit into the beleaguered citadel. The millionth part of a remedial drop may have a wholesome influence on the imagination, but if it is alleged to go further, then man must be all but immaterial, capable of living on an exhalation, and ready to

Die of a rose in aromatic pain;

Hippocrates need not rise to tell us that this is a reductio ad absurdum.

THUCYDIDES.

So might an angel weep, thou noble boy;
For, all unmixt with envy's duller flame,
Enthusiastic hope, and chivalrous joy
To note the calm historian's rising fame,
Glowed at thy heart, and bade thee emulate
Those grand attempts, that honourable fate,
A brother, not a foe: years sped away,
And saw thee, still with patriot feelings warm,
A warrior-exile at thy Thracian farm,
Weaving the web of glory, day by day,
For Athens, that ingrate; thy manly pen
Eternal good for evil could repay,
For all prophetic was thy boldness, when
It writ thy works an "heritage for aye."

Of the young Thucydides there is told the picturesque anecdote, that, when as a mere youth mingling with the crowd assembled at the eighty-fourth Olympiad to hear Herodotus recite his history, Thucydides first arrived at the grand idea of literary glory, he burst into tears. If this be true, we may fairly date his intentions to prosecute his great work from his earliest years; and this may explain the minute accuracy, and terse fullness of his narrative. However, it was not until half a lifetime of patriotic warfare, full of honour, and rewarded, as was proper to republican Athens, with most ill-deserved exile, that Thucydides began to realize his generous hope of adding to the glories of his ungrateful country by recording a portion of her history.

Mitford,—who entertains so high an opinion of Thucydides, that he says (i. 178,) his "simple affirmation carries more authority than that of any other writer, and has been [in the History of Greece] universally followed,"—tells us (iii. 41,) that he was "banished from Attica for twenty years. Precluded thus from active life in the service of his country, it was the gratification of his leisure to compose that history which has been the delight and admiration of all posterity. The affairs of Athens continued to be

known to him through his numerous friends in high situations there. His banishment led to information concerning those of the Peloponnesians, which he could hardly otherwise have acquired." It is right to state that many others, taking this view of the causes of his accuracy and research, have considered the anecdote to which reference has been made above as very questionable, inasmuch as Thucydides was no more than thirteen years junior to Herodotus, and was therefore six and twenty when the latter recited his history at Elis, an age, according to them, too near maturity for so romantic a display of feeling. But surely, they know little of the innocent ambitions of the human heart, little of the eternal youth of noble sentiment in souls unblighted by the world, who can think scorn of such a generous ebullition: the mind that is dead to fame must not plead in pardon for its lethargy some fifty years of human life, but far more the indulgence of mammonizing cares and worldly principles.

An attempt will be recognized to render the well-known κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί by "heritage for aye;" it is confessed, that however exact the ἀεί and 'aye' may be, the word heritage does not exhaust κτῆμα: but perhaps the fullness of the Greek, including as it does the ideas of wealth, possession, and inheritance, is not to be expressed by any single word in our looser modern tongue.

Little more need here be said of the famous son of Olorus: as a writer, he is regarded as having carried

his country's dialect, Atticism, to perfection; and like every other noble Athenian, he was almost as much distinguished as a warrior by land and sea, as by the just praise of being the world's unrivalled historian. Of the Romans, Sallust and Tacitus have closely followed his style, and to exemplify the extreme of terseness, succinct yet distinct, which those writers have imitated from Thucydides, it is known that Sallust boasted of having described the character of Catiline in four words, "alieni appetens, sui profusus;" which, when Tacitus heard, he declared he could accomplish it in two, and immediately wrote "rapti prodigus:" a marvellous instance of Thucydidean fullness.

SOCRATES.

Self-knowing, therefore humbled to the dust,
Self-curbing, therefore in a sensual age
Pure, patriotic, mild, religious, just,
Self-taught, yet moderate,—Athenian sage,
Albeit but faintly the recording page
Samples the precious harvest of thy brain,
Where Plato's self, thine intellectual son,
And the scarr'd hand of gallant Xenophon
Have gathered up the fragments that remain
Of thy large speech, with wondrous wisdom fraught,
From those rich morsels we may guess the feast,
And note the Pisgah-summit of thy thought
Bright with true trust, that God hath never ceased
To care for all creative love hath wrought.

Socrates, the moral glory of the heathen world, whose unassisted reason arrived at the grand truths of a superintending Providence, a one omnipresent God, the beauty and expediency of good works, the soul's immortality, and the probable hope of redemption from evil, enlightened the world during half of the fifth century before Christ, having died at the age of seventy, in the ninety-sixth Olympiad. He is believed to have written very little beyond a paraphrase of Æsop, but fortunately at once for his fame, and our instruction, minute records of his precepts and practice have come down to us from the pens of his illustrious pupils Plato and Xenophon. The memorabilia of the latter, who was renowned as much for generalship as for the more peaceful pursuits of literature, furnish us with a faithful portrait of the man, who may be called the heathen protomartyr of truth; and the Dialogues and Apology of the former pupil convey to us the leading principles of the Socratic philosophy, although very copiously mingled with the vague conceits and obscure doctrines of Platonism.

The grand outlines in the life of Socrates are too accessible to every reader to require much notice in this place. Born of humble parents, a stone-cutter

and a nurse, he nevertheless found in Crito a Mæcenas to lead him through philosophy to fortune, and although he rose to the highest eminence as a sage, he never would accept the smallest fee for his instructions, and never made use of his influence to promote his own advancement. Though dwarfish in stature, and unwarlike in disposition, he yet had the glory of saving single-handed in fight both Xenophon and Alcibiades; when derided on the stage by the galling satire of Aristophanes, in the midst of the representation he had the magnanimity to stand up, and so changed derision into applause: and when iniquitously condemned on a false charge he was offered the means of escape, he nobly rejected them, as unworthy of his high character and honourable fame. And so, for envy of his virtues, a victim to plebeian hate, perished the wisest of the heathen world. The personal appearance of Socrates is universally allowed to have been very far from well favoured; all the likenesses of him extant upon antique gems and sculptures represent him as short, deformed, large headed, and most indifferently featured: but we may perhaps be startled to find that, according to the following authority, the great Socrates has been numbered among the seven ugliest of the world. A curious MS in the author's possession, quoting from the Officina of Textorinus, gives as the greatest monsters of deformity that the earth ever saw, "Hipponax, Iambographus, Thersites, Æsopus, Polyphemus, *Socrates*, et Epictetus." What an opportunity

for the remorseless comedian; we may fancy the ludicrous effect of an ugliness scarcely capable of caricature, in the trenchant ridicule of the Clouds: yet the moral courage of the philosopher made the scoffer quail, and turned the boisterous laugh of fickle Athens, into the hoarse shouts of its rapturous approbation. Truly, the anecdote carries its own confirmation: a man must have had the character of a Socrates, to have behaved with his wise boldness in that crowded theatre. None but the really great can so brave ridicule; none but those whose rule of life is "nil conscire sibi," can so "overcome evil with good."

PLATO.

ANOTHER godlike son, O glorious land
Athens, glad mother of a mighty line,
In foremost rank of thine immortal band
Wise, great, and good, unchallenged takes his stand
Plato the master, Plato the divine:
For that, unveil'd before his favoured eyes
Truth's everlasting dawn serenely rose
Glimmering from the windows of the skies,
And gold-bedropping, like the sun on streams,
The river of his rich poetic prose;
Yet clouded much by fancy's misty dreams,
That eloquence an alpine torrent flows,
And thy strong mind, dim with ideal schemes,
Stands a stone mountain crown'd with melting snows.

Aristocles of Athens flourished about A. C. 450. He was surnamed Plato, according to the fashion of the times, which in the worst possible taste immortalized a bodily defect, by associating the idea of 'broad shoulders' with philosophy; in like manner we are taught to unite the notion of warts with the eloquence of Tully, of a wry nose with the simple poetry of Ovid, and of Scipio with a walking-stick. However, the name Plato has now long since become a synonyme for all that is superior in mind or morals; and a crowd of admiring disciples have not scrupled to add a worthier epithet, 'the divine.' It must be confessed that the fame of Plato is in great measure dependent upon that of Socrates, and that when he departs from the side of his master, he is apt to lose himself in mystic speculations: the flowing waters of his style are often turbid with obscurity, and cover the fatal reefs of erroneous opinion. Still, these just qualifications are counterbalanced by so vast a weight of merit, that Plato, as a human teacher, must occupy one of the highest niches in the temple of philosophy.

The pure morality of Socrates, and the mystical speculations of Pythagoras are veins of various ore

very distinctly to be traced in the poetical style of Plato: and in fact throughout the great volume of humanity, nothing can be more obvious to the contemplative reader than the large degree in which the wisest of men is indebted to his teachers, when compared with the small quota added by himself. So, in wisdom may we look back even to Noah and Adam, and beyond Adam to his Maker, the first great fountain of traditionary knowledge: and so, if, like the bird in the fable, the great spirits of old could be stripped of ideas derived from others, even they would appear scanty and impoverished: how much rather the wise man of to-day, who has reaped the fields they have sown! Truly it would seem that the mind of universal man is one large laboratory, in which different proportions of the same elements are poured from vessel to vessel, and so give out various results; and while one "potsherd of the earth" is glorying in its sweetness, and one boasting of its richness, some other more humble, looking out of self, sees and acknowledges the Archchemist of all excellencies, and ascribes to Him all praise alike of mind, as of matter.

DEMOSTHENES.

STRANGE, that within the wondrous walls of space
Ringing on some rare atmosphere far hence,
The periods of thy matchless eloquence
Are flying still in vibratory race,—
O prince of words and thoughts, Demosthenes:
Thee, centuries agone, great Athens bore
Chief orator above those brilliant four
Démades, Lycurgus, Lysias, Æschines;
For thy majestic energy was still
Foremost in might to move, and power to please,
While midnight toil matured thy graceful ease,
And country's love inspired each Siren sound,
Now soft and gentle, as a trickling rill,
Now like a rushing torrent pour'd around.

Some writers on acoustics have considered that sound, which is caused by the vibrations of the air, is perpetuated to the utmost bounds of space, although continually becoming of less and less intensity: that in fact, every sound produced upon the earth is still, in most minute proportions, ringing somewhere; and, to bring a definite example to bear upon the matter, that the words of Adam, Abraham, or Demosthenes, are possibly reaching the orbits of Herschel, Pallas, and Mars respectively, in disjointed and centrifugal fragments. Where every thing around us is infinite, it would be unwise to scoff at so extraordinary a theory, merely because it seems monstrous: and there will even be seen in it something of an awful aptitude, when we remember that "every idle word which men speak is to rise against them at the judgment." Absurd as it may appear, the very same vibrations caused by the words now being uttered, may, so to speak, be gathered up and set in form again from the extreme circumference of space, by one who is All-mighty. Who can tell, or who can gainsay it?—

It is endeavoured in these sonnets throughout, however accomplished, to adapt the thoughts and phraseology as much as the limits will permit to

the subject-character of each: and whether or not the present be considered a happy instance, it may yet be proper to tell the English reader that the last six lines are not mere generalizing, but that they have an attempted aptitude to the style of the great orator. The "brilliant four" were eminent pleaders, chiefly opponents to Demosthenes in the forum and senate, although Lysias was not his cotemporary. It is unnecessary to state that the Lycurgus here mentioned is not the royal legislator of Sparta, but an Athenian advocate.

Demosthenes, the prince of orators, whose speeches, even now, transfused into the harangues of our home patriots or demagogues, are found to have resistless power over the mass of men, was in his zenith A. C. about 350. It is fair to state, that on one brief occasion, his patriotism wavered: but the popular ingratitude of Athens was enough to chill any heart, and were it even otherwise, not one man in the most picked assembly, can be found faultless.

Characteristically of the Athenian character, Plutarch tells us in his life of Phocion, that Demosthenes once warned him for inveighing against the popular vices, "The Athenians, O Phocion, will murder thee in their madness;" to which Phocion made answer, "And the Athenians, O Demosthenes, will murder thee as soon as they are sane again." Such is the verdict of the wise respecting popular government.

ARISTOTLE.

If aught of sterling wit, or natural worth,
The heights of thought, or depths of various lore
That to the mind's own fountain gushing forth
Added its wealth as from an ocean store,
If these be honour, be that honour thine,
O human wonder, Intellect divine,
That spake of all things wisely,—taught aright
By nature's voice, and reason's inner sun,—
Still can we love thy not all human light
And hail thy wisdom, heathen Solomon:
Another praise be thine, O Stagyrite,
For that the world's great winner, in thy school
His all of power, with all of knowledge, won,
Learning from thee to conquer and to rule.

The wisdom of Aristotle, as a mere child of earth, may be profitably contrasted with that of Solomon, as a pupil of heaven. Of both it may with equal truth be said, that "every bird and every beast he knew, and spake of every plant that sips the dew," from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop growing on the wall. Nor only this; but regular codes of private morals, social government, and general literature are prominent in the works of both: at least it would not be difficult to run many parallels between the Rhetoric, Ethics, Politics, and even Poetics of the citizen of Stagyra, and the Wisdom, Proverbs, Preacher, and Canticles of the great king. It was no little compliment to Aristotle that Plato surnamed him "Intellect;" no small praise that Alexander was his pupil; and no low appreciation of his merits that every school of learning from Arabia to Iceland has in all ages walked in the light of this mighty master.

In common with every other luminary of science, Aristotle has met with very various appreciation of his character from friends or enemies: the former have been so extravagant in his praises universally, that, not very long ago, in the first university of Europe, permission used to be granted to the student

who aspired to read Aristotle, in the name of the ever blessed Trinity, and kneeling at the Bishop's feet!—while in 1209, when the works of the great Stagyrite were first brought from Byzantium, they were openly condemned as impious by the council of Paris, and indeed many writers, either through envy, or obtuseness, have charged on the writings of the philosopher doctrines both immoral and atheistic, and on his private life so many crimes, that the calumny bears with it sufficient confutation. No man can rise from the study of the Nicomachean Ethics, and believe their author other than a great and consistent moral teacher; at the same time no human being in his senses can suppose another immaculate. Doubtless, the social faults and virtues of Aristotle, with his literary merits and demerits, have been equally exaggerated.

The intellectual eminence of Aristotle, and his political importance in being tutor to Alexander, rendered the philosopher as a matter of course obnoxious to Athenian jealousy. Accordingly, the moment the death of Alexander made it safe to attack, the popular party openly accused him of impiety, and, "to save Athens," as he exclaimed, "the guilt of murdering him like Socrates," the illustrious author of two hundred and sixty works on every branch of knowledge escaped privily to Chalcis in Eubœa, where he died soon after broken-hearted.

PHOCION.

TRULY ennobled in that name The Good,
Thy spirit sought a thankless country's weal
Thro' fourscore years with all a martyr's zeal,
And then,—the fickle envious multitude,
That democratic city's viper brood,
Rewarded thee with hate and clamorous strife,
Poisoned thy fame with calumny's foul breath,
And for the wages of a patriot's life
Paid, as their wont, a malefactor's death:
Athens, base Athens, what a deed abhorr'd
Of guileless blood lies heavily on thee;
Hear to thy shame a Phocion's dying word,
'My son, forget that thou hast seen or heard
The bitter wrongs poor Athens heap'd on me.'

There is necessarily much of sameness in the fate of illustrious Athenians. After the alliterative fashion of the Roman general's veni, vidi, vici, we may put it in three words, eminence, envy, exile, varied occasionally by patriotism, popularity, and poison. Allusion has already been several times made to this fact, and repetition, however wholesome, palls upon the spirit: the admirers of democracy, however, ought never to forget how fearfully, as a rule, the Athenian mob revenged itself on virtue: they ought also ever to remember that, with very few exceptions, among which the questionable character of Themistocles is pre-eminent, the worthies of that republic whose fame has survived to our day, were of the oligarchical or aristocratic faction. Honest minds must really account it a marvel that there are to be found many well-informed men, who reading history through the distorting glasses of the school of Voltaire, attribute all the greatness of Athens to its commonalty, all its crime to its nobles; the direct contrary of this being matter of fact.

Cornelius Nepos gives the following account of Phocion: "though often invested with the highest offices in the state of Athens, both military and civil,

yet was he more noted for his integrity of life than for his martial exploits. Of the latter there is no record," (here Plutarch contradicts,) "while the fame of the former is considerable; and indeed from this he gained the surname of the Good. For he was ever poor, when he might have been abounding in riches, from the honourable and powerful places given to him by the people. He,—after having rejected great pecuniary bribes from King Philip, and been exhorted by the ambassadors to take them, with the admonition that if he himself could so easily refuse them, he ought at least to consider the interest of his children, for whom it might be difficult with their deep poverty to keep up the glory of their father,—he thus answered them; 'If my children shall be like me, the same little field can give them a livelihood, which has brought me to this dignity: but if they are to be unlike me, I choose not at my expense to feed and pamper their luxury.' He, when he had arrived to his eightieth year with fortune his friend, at his very last incurred the violent hatred of his fellow-citizens. First, for having agreed (as they alleged) with Demades to surrender the city to Antipater; and with the like advice because Demosthenes, and the rest of those who were believed to be patriots, were exiled by popular decree." Other party reasons are added at length by Cornelius, who thus, to the disgrace of Athens, brings the memoir to a close. "Accused by Agnonides of betraying the Piræus to Nicanor, after sentence he was cast

into prison and brought down to Athens, there to suffer the penalty of the law. Thither having arrived, when from age he could not walk, but was borne in a car, a great crowd came together; some, remembering his former fame, pitied his grey hairs; while others grew yet fiercer in their wrath, first on account of his suspected surrender of the Piræus, chiefly however because in his old age he had stood up against the will of the people. Wherefore he was not even permitted to plead his own cause, nor to utter a word in his defence. Condemned, and some legal forms having been hurried through, he was handed over to the eleven, to whom, after the Athenian custom, public malefactors are wont to be delivered. When led out to death, Emphyletus, with whom he was intimate, coming up to him, and saying with tears, 'Alas, Phocion, what unworthy treatment is this you suffer!' he answered, 'It arrives not unexpected: for to this end have come most of the worthies of Athens.' Such was the fury of the populace against him that no freeman dared bury him; so he was put into the earth by slaves." Thus ends the Cisalpine historian's brief account of the life and death of Phocion. Plutarch adds some other particulars, (specially the anecdote alluded to in the sonnet,) and all in favour of the high character and talents of the man, who was forty-five times chief magistrate; and in utter condemnation of his envious, base, malignant murderers. How continually in the page of history have we to execrate the curse of

democracy: ‘ the blunt monster with uncounted heads,’ the hydra-headed commonalty, was more than the Lernæan pest to ancient Athens; and if the Hercules of native talent in so many illustrious of the oligarchy has crushed almost the very memory of the evil, insomuch that we are accustomed to regard Athens as the prolific soil of all excellence, yet still the poisoned tunic of Nessus is ever festering under the patch-work robe of popular government. There is no sophism at once so false and so feeble as vox populi, vox Dei: with far more truth will the man who knows the average depravity of human nature, insist upon this severe, but just varia lectio,—pro Dei, lege Diaboli.

The uniform persecution which politicians of old have experienced at one time or other in their several lives, forces upon our observation the difference in conduct, as the difference in fate, of a certain influential class of modern governors. Among these, we have no martyrs to principle, no generous spirits preferring an exile these most dread—resignation of place and power—to the more lucrative and far easier method of acting contrary to plighted faith, no self-devoted patriots ready to spend and be spent in the service of their country. Our heroes of to-day, so little worthy of comparison with Phocion and Aristides, that they come under quite opposite categories to those of the just and the good, rejoice to be thought and called puppets of the populace: what need have they, forsooth, either of wisdom in coun-

cil, or firmness in execution? what need, obstinately to persist in a course which they believe to be right, if public opinion points to the wrong? That veering weathercock, the will of the multitude, becomes the ever-varying rule of misgovernment, and the oracle whose responses are not to be gainsaid, is, Clamour. Their first great maxim, to use the words of a very mischievous financier, is held to be—"if the masses do not petition for such and such a measure, cadat quæstio:" cadat quæstio! "let the matter drop!" what an epitaph on departed will and power to do good,—what a climax of weak folly in the mouth of a responsible governor: is there then nothing of abstract right or wrong to be consulted? are there no silent interests to be watched for, no fraudulent pleaders to be guarded against? Must the wisdom of debating sages lie hidden and inoperative, as fire in the flints of Philoctetes, till the rude blows of physical force, or the accidental wind of epidemic lusting urge it into flame? Must the physician with his healing remedy in hand linger idly by the sick man's bed, until the patient is clamorous for the medicine?—Woe to the ship, whose pilot is obedient to the breakers; woe to the home, where the master cringes to his servants; woe to the body, where the head is guided by the members; woe to the land, where rulers are subservient to the governed!—Popularity, in brief, among the pseudo-statesmen alluded to, is the allsufficient test of right and utility: let a measure be acknowledged by them to be wise, equitable, expedient; it

is proposed, found to be unpalatable, and—abandoned: let another measure be broadly asserted by them to be foolish, injurious, unjust; it is petitioned for, perceived to be popular, and—adopted! O sage counsellors, O pure patriots, O mighty rulers, O men of probity and conscience,—heu pietas, heu prisca fides,—for the wisdom and virtue once of our ancestors, and now of right our own, (fortes creantur fortibus,) is not yours—Elijah's mantle falls upon your neighbours. And still, in spite of repeated proofs of degenerate incapacity evident to all but those "whom the Deity, consenting to their ruin, first suffers to be blinded," you are of those presumptuous, who boast,

Ἡμεῖς μὲν πατέρων μεγ' ἀμείνονες ἐυχόμεθ' ἔιναι,—

Alas, the truer tale for you to tell runs thus, and is well instanced, as you pass along the darkening vista of Britain's decline and fall,—

Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem:

Verily ye are not of those who might have saved Sodom: rather for your sakes are we counted as Gomorrah. Go,—names, and shadows of names, that should have been accompanied with praise, but have long since fallen into well-earned scorn, ye Girondists of our senate, truckling recusants of right, and fawning apologists for wrong, ye counsellors more hurtful than those who once were the curse of groan-

ing Prussia, ye minions of a ministry which it is false charity to call "the knowing nothing, and the doing nothing," for in very truth, however superficial your indolence may make your information, the staple of your actions is direct and unmingled evil,—ye, who by bigoted discouragement of the free Protestant religion, dealing heavy blows at that for which your fathers bled, ye who, by studied desecration of those holy offices, baptism and marriage, by oppressing the imprisoned poor, and by favouring the enlarged guilty, are convicted of high-treason against the King of Heaven, and for having abetted rebellion abroad, and fostered insurrection at home, deserve to be impeached before the too mild tribunal of your earthly sovereign,—go ye and learn how base and bitter a thing it is for rulers to be weak, selfish, reckless, and unprincipled: hear it in the plaudits of the honester republican, see it in the aid of approving infidelity, know it from the averted faces of the good, the true, the religious, the patriotic; read it in the indignation of cotemporary literature, feel it in the death of your historic fame, and in the living consciousness that all of obloquy you get, is merited.

For an end, turn we to better things, turn we from such as those to contemplate a Phocion; of whom, as most assuredly not of them, Horace might have written his splendid ode, (Justum et tenacem, &c.)

The man of purpose strong, and just intent,
Not the fierce clamour of a godless mob,

Nor demagogue's, nor despot's menacing brow,
Moves from his firm resolve, nor the loud storm
Lashing the Hadriatic into wrath,
Nor the red bolt of mighty thundering Jove:
Yea,—let the mountains at his head be hurl'd
Sublime he stands amidst a shattered world!

The noble heathen, whom moral rectitude endues with the strength of a Briareus, can use the same language as the pious Psalmist, influenced by religious trust; both can exclaim, "We will not fear, though the earth be moved, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea: though the multitudes threaten in their rage, and the great ones of the earth tremble at the tempest."

PHIDIAS.

O RARE creative mind, and plastic hand,
Whose skill enshrined in one gigantic form,
Chryselephantine, rear'd in air enorme,
The viewless guardian of thy father-land
Olympian Jove,—pardon to thee for this
That of the God whose chariot is the storm
Thy soul by Him untaught should deem amiss,
Pardon to thee, and praise; thy labour proves
The heart's sincerity, though little light
Scattered the darkness of thy moral night:
Behold, it quickens! the colossus moves!
Who, who would not fall down?—Start not, ye proud,
Perchance your idols are as false as Jove's,
And ye more guilty than that pagan crowd.

Sculpture, in all probability, originated in a desire of giving a material form to idolatrous objects of worship. Hence we find it to be an art universally distributed; the rudest savages of the South-seas having stone images of their worshipped monsters, in the like manner as the most civilized heathens have given substance to the abstract attributes of Deity.

Even among the polished Greeks, the original form of an idol, being an unworked stone surmounted by a human head, remained in fashion with the latest Mercuries, and was transplanted into the Roman gardens under the names of Terminus, Priapus, and other variations of the "inutile lignum, Quod faber, incertus scamnum faceretne Priapum, Maluit esse Deum;" indeed the word Hermes anciently signified an unhewn block.

That the Greeks were indebted to all-inventive Egypt for the art of sculpture, is manifest from their most ancient style, which possesses many of the characteristics peculiar to the Egyptians and their offset, Etruria. Phidias, who is known to antiquity not merely as the first of sculptors, (although this is great praise, especially when we remember that Socrates called artists the only wise men,) but also, as a

man accomplished in every branch of useful knowledge, raised the statuary of Greece at once to the highest pitch of excellency about the eighty-fourth Olympiad. Praxiteles of Magna Græcia was indeed close upon his steps, as to reputation; but he lived an hundred years after the Athenian: and with respect to the well-known group of the Niobe, some have ascribed it to the chisel of Phidias, although Pliny was in doubt only "Scopas an Praxiteles fecerit."

The works of Phidias are said to have been very numerous, and to have been as remarkable for beauty of finish as for grandeur of design: he is said by Valerius Maximus III. c. 7, to have imbibed the latter from the conceptions of Homer, which, while yet a child, he loved to embody in common clay; and by Pliny, to have been indebted for the former to his original education as a painter. Bronze was his favourite material, and it has even been asserted that he never worked in marble: but we know, from Plutarch, in his life of Pericles, § 13, that the erection of the Parthenon was under his immediate superintendence, and we find Aristotle calling him σοφὸς λιθουργός. The great majority of the Elgin marbles, and several other fragments in the British Museum, are attributed to this great artist.

The works, however, which in his own day made the fame of Phidias, were his colossal statues of the Athenian Minerva, and Olympian Jupiter, at Elis, the former having been thirty-nine, and the latter

sixty feet in altitude: their extravagant materials, ivory and gold, added to the wonder of these vast achievements. M. de Paw has calculated that the tusks of three hundred elephants would have been consumed in the latter statue alone; and Quintilian tells us that "the majesty of the image equalled that of the god, and that its beauty gave new lustre to religion." Phidias is said to have derived the idea of so much sublimity from Homer's Iliad, i. 529: and Horace also borrowed thence his phrase, iii. 1, 8, "Cuncta supercilio moventis."

In reviewing the many wise heathens who have yet been idolaters, it is impossible not to perceive very forcibly, that they worshipped the attribute, or the deity, through the veil of a concrete image: that, in fact, they might have alleged, and probably, in their day, and to their own consciences, did, the identical excuse which the modern image-worshipper will now be heard to urge. We have seen that Zoroaster, while teaching the characters of the divine Being in terms most unexceptionable, still suffered reverence to be paid to the emblematical hawk-headed idol: and what was his argument but the same now made use of by Romanists, that the material representative leads the mind to the ideal object of adoration? that the dressing up a doll with trinkets,—(and emperors have done so at Aix-la-Chapelle,)—is no more than a figurative act? that the homage paid to a relic, be it bone, or nail, or napkin, is acceptable worship offered to a spiritual

being ?—The true secret of the power of popery lies in this, that it comforts and encourages the natural propensity of sensual creatures. Not to dive too deeply into the possible and actual bowing down to false gods in a spiritual sense, whether by setting the mind on beauty, riches, honours, or other ramifications of self, we may on the surface observe that the human heart has ever been radically the same, and the worship of canonized priests is not less a gross idolatry than that of deified heroes; the very St. Peter of the cathedral at Rome, is an actual antique statue of Jupiter Olympius; there is even a verbal similarity between an ancient invocation to the pantheon, and a modern litany to saints; and the exaggerated devotions paid to the holy Virgin are but a fainter echo of " Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

EPICURUS.

THEY have malign'd thy memory, grave good man,
They have abus'd the truth thy pureness taught,
Beautiful truth with rare religion fraught,
That to cull pleasure whensoe'er he can
Is a man's wisdom,—so he keep in thought
That pleasure lies in acting as he ought:
For selfish vice, the fool's besotted plan
Of mis-called happiness how false it is,—
What misery lurks beneath the painted cheek,
How much of sorrow in the wanton's kiss!
O would that, where thou walkest now in bliss
Some garden of the stars, thy wrath could speak
To these degenerate sons, who blot thy fame,
Glad in their woe, and glorying in their shame.

If an example were required of the dreadful tendency of mankind to corrupt sound doctrine, a fact unhappily too obvious to need one, a stronger could scarcely be met with than that of Epicurus. The name of a man, noted at once for learning, morality, eloquence, and travel, who shared largely in the eternal praise of that wondrous band of philosophers who enlightened the heathen world about the third century before Christ, that venerable name has become a synonyme for every thing selfish, sensual, and degrading: 'the fattest hog in Epicurus' stye.' And whence has all this evil originated? merely in the various meanings of which the word 'pleasure' is susceptible: to the pure, all things are pure, and with Epicurus, as a votary of good, the Christian is a votary of pleasure; but the man who hunts for pleasure in impure gratifications will as a sectary of ill, meet with the reward of sorrow.

The philosopher benevolently aimed at alluring the Grecian youth to virtue by representing its ways, pleasantness, and its paths, peace; a sentiment which especially in a heathen cannot be too highly appreciated: but men in all ages are too happy to have an excuse for indulging their passions, and so the

beautiful pleasure-theory of Epicurus has only served to plunge the world more deeply into vice.

The word 'garden' is in allusion to the well-known habits of this teacher, who used to ex pound to his disciples as they walked with him in his garden. As the followers of Zeno were called Stoics, or Porch-pupils, so those of Epicurus were styled *οἱ ἀπὸ τῶν κήπων*, or garden-pupils.

Without doubt, much of the obloquy, which among the better class of men attaches to the word Epicurean, has arisen from the unfortunate fact that the soi-disant doctrines of that philosophy have found an advocate in the atheistical Lucretius. The Aristippi also, both Elder and Younger, falsely pretending that the tenets of the Cyrenian sect differed in nothing from those of Epicurus, by their effeminate and luxurious lives added to the reasonable prejudice. "Ye shall know them by their fruits," is undeniable evidence; but when the wicked assume the distinguishing appellations of the good, the true patriot is confounded with the rebel, the man of liberal soul with the mean utilitarian, and the pupil of Epicurus with the slave of sensuality.

MARCELLUS.

A CONQUEROR that weeps for victory won!—
O glorious soul, that mid the patriot fight
Raged as an Ajax in his ruthless might,
Then turn'd to mourn the havoc he had done!
So wept Marcellus, Rome's heroic son,
(When haughty Syracuse had fall'n, despite
Her strength in Archimedes,)—and with care
Strove—not to butcher foemen, but—to spare:
Stop we not here; for ev'n a brighter act
Claims deeper homage: when avail'd not all
Thy pious care, but those fierce legions sack'd
The helpless city in its last dread fall,
When thy worst foe, thy subtlest, met his doom,
Thy nobler praise was Archimedes' tomb.

The classical reader will, immediately on seeing the name Marcellus, bring to mind one of the most spirited and touching passages in all Virgil. Æn. vi. sub. fin. the " Tu Marcellus eris;" but will quickly perceive from the sonnet, that the subject of this eulogy was a different character, and one, which, though perhaps less known, was more illustrious. The magnificent conduct of M. C. Marcellus at the siege of Syracuse, B. C. 212, is the topic of our present praises. After three years of disappointed patriotism and ambition, during which the science of Archimedes almost single-handed—(see a remarkable parallel in Ecclesiastes, ix. 14, 15)—had burnt his navies, destroyed his engines, baffled the skill of Rome's best general,—one who had even conquered Hannibal,—and mocked at the prowess of Rome's best soldiers,—those who had heretofore triumphed over half the world,—when, after all this he had taken the city by storm during the festival of Diana, and he knew that, according to the military laws, it must be given up to a ferocious soldiery, so far from delighting in a bloodthirsty revenge over the fall of a cruel and haughty enemy, Marcellus,—with better motives than a Xerxes,—wept aloud. More than this, he offered great rewards for the safety of Archimedes,

and commanded his house to be spared from the universal ruin; as the Spartans in the case of Pindar; and Alexander in the same case, of which our Milton makes mention,—

> "The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
> The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
> Went to the ground."

But his exertions were vain: the philosopher, either unwilling to survive the fall of his country,—(for Syracuse never rose again to her former honours,)—or distrustful of the mercies of the Roman so long abused, or, as Plutarch says, actually so buried in his mathematical studies, that he knew not friends from foes, neglected the opportunities of safety, and was killed in mistake by a common soldier. How then did Marcellus act?—in a manner that at once proved the nobility of his soul, and the delicacy of his feelings. Archimedes had discovered certain relations subsisting between the sphere and the cylinder, and prided himself upon the discovery as a crowning effort of his mind: Marcellus knowing this, and wishing to honour fallen greatness irrespective of personal feelings, caused at his own expense a fine monument to be raised to his memory, sculptured with the sphere and the cylinder. It is a remarkable instance of retributive moral justice, that when at length, years after, Marcellus fell on the field of battle before the Carthaginian arms, Hannibal his conquerer honoured him in turn with

a grand military funeral, and sent his ashes to Rome in a silver urn.

In one respect, and one only, Marcellus affords us a parallel with the ruthless Napoleon: namely, in having seized on all works of art, and sent them to enrich his native city: but here he pleaded the same patriotism which excessive charity might also impute to the more rapacious Spoiler of palaces: we must remember that the latter was a Corsican, and that the France of his affections was no more than the vast ramifications of himself. In all other respects the parallels lie with the bravest and best of heroes, —with the generous Hector, pitiful to a fallen foe; the pure and noble-minded Scipio; the gallant Alcibiades; the modest Fabius,—all wont "Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos." But why stop here? What shall we say of our own Nelson,—who, in the proper humane spirit of modern warfare,—(so it be not on Spanish ground,)—sent his boats to save the perishing crew of the Orient, and thrice spared the Trinidada? or what,—of that immortal reply made by the most illustrious man of our day, to the question put by some flippant person, "Is it not a most delightful thing to gain a victory?" "I know nothing more dreadful, except a defeat."

HIPPARCHUS.

In spirit as I roam with thee by night
Threading the galaxy on fancy's wing,
Oft, as I reach a star more sweetly bright,
My hope will rise and in a rapture sing
Fair planet, can I ever be thy king,
A sainted monarch in thy halls of light?
For there are many mansions, mighty thrones,
Glories, and sceptres, praise and golden zones,
Reward, and homage, crowns, and shining robes:
Ambition's boldest dream, and wildest flight
Hath yet to be borne out; ecstatic soul
Shall soar triumphant to those burning globes
That round essential God sublimely roll,
The life, the sun, the centre of the whole!

According to the present state of our knowledge, it would be absurd to doubt the plurality of worlds. Like most truths, it is very ancient, having been taught by Anaxagoras, 450 years before Christ. The least enlightened peasant has now ceased to look up to golden studs in a sapphire canopy; and those whom education has led further by the hand, are convinced of the sublime fact, that they see in the stars distant rolling orbs, whose dimensions are not more wonderful than true: while others who are yet higher advanced on the hill of science, with strange accuracy can weigh them, measure them, see their atmosphere, note their inequalities, and amuse fancy by speculating on the nature of their probable inhabitants. Is it too wild a thought, that after the jubilee years of this earth's renovation are past and gone, the spirits of the just may visit those bubbles of creation on the sea of space? nay, that perhaps "each distant shining world may be a kingdom for one of the redeemed?"—In meditating on immortality, we use ourselves to hope,—(and if not truly, why have we ambition?)—that no desire of the soul shall be unsatisfied: and to a creature, whose essential joy it must be to dive into the works of his Creator, no desire can be imagined

stronger than curiosity. The perfected man must have a free passport through space: any thing like restraint qualifies his heaven. There will be a time when the body shall be the spirit's helpmate: and truly it were little encouragement to the cultivation of the mind, if all that noble husbandry were confined to a few short years choked with the briars of worldly cares and sorrows. Science must be a growing, an eternal thing: the bliss of the redeemed will indeed be of the heart, but effected through the mind: proper affection is but the flower of intellect. Truth is immortal, and the pursuit of it, in all its paths converging up to God, is everlasting happiness. It is a great error, into which many well-meaning persons have fallen, to regard science as merely a thing of this world. Life is in every thing the door to unceasing progression; and the man of cultivated mind,—(always pre-supposing "the one thing needful," a saving faith,) enters on a spiritual world with advantages another has not: and perhaps in the glorious race towards Perfection, the spirit that sets forth with such a start, may keep it for ever: the philosopher in this life, (so he be a Christian,) may receive at once a higher capacity for intellectual pleasures in reward for intellectual exertion.

The name Hipparchus, and the Herodotean character of these eccentric essays, (flying off as they do at the tangent of a word, after every suggested thought,) will induce the reader, who is un-

learned in ancient astronomy, to imagine that the brother of Hippias is intended, for he will remember that the Pisistratidæ were great encouragers of learning. That is not the case. We speak now of Hipparchus of Bithynia, who may be called the father of exact astronomy. Coming after Thales, Anaxagoras, and Aristarchus, he had great advantages: but his grand rule, which indeed led to his discoveries and usefulness, was, to take nothing for granted upon any unexamined authority however high. Accordingly he improved upon, and corrected all who had preceded him, and Claudius Ptolemy of Ptolemais, nearly three centuries later, confessed he could do little better than follow Hipparchus. Unfortunately however for the fame of the great Bithynian astronomer, his principal works were all destroyed at the burning of the Alexandrian library by the Caliph Omar, A. D. 642. We know of them only through Ptolemy, in a work with an Arabic name, the bare mention of which would be a parallel to the witty "Sanchoniathon, Manetho, and Berosus" of Oliver Goldsmith. With regard to Hipparchus, to say something less indefinitely, he was the first to make solar tables, a catalogue of the fixed stars, and various discoveries with regard to the equinoxes, the tropical year, the latitude and longitude, and trigonometry, a more distinct enumeration of which, however, would involve us too much in the technicalities of science. He flourished about 140 A. C.

CORNELIA.

O JEWELS beyond price, uncounted gold,
Children, best wardens of a father's fame,
Ye joys wealth never bought, want never sold,
In you the rare unmammoned hearts behold
The highest earthly good of mortal aim:
Yon toothless darling at the mother's breast,—
That ruddy three-year-old who joyous runs
Jealous of love, in haste to be carest,—
Those gentle daughters, and these manly sons,—
Are they not riches?—O thou worldly wise,
Go to some home of earth's despised ones
To learn where treasure—not thy gold-god,—lies!
Yea, Roman mother, glory in your gems;
Such are the stars in heavenly diadems.

One reason, and it is to be feared a too sufficient one, for the rarity of unblemished female excellence in the pages of ungallant history, has already been given to the reader in the section on Sappho. The heroes of olden time would appear to have been very unequally mated: but doubtless another ample reason for the silence of history in respect of the gentler sex, is to be found in the retiring modesty of their average character, and the quiet domesticity of their duties. Home, that cool resting-place for hot ambitious man, that private world of unrecorded heroism, is the true scene of woman's glory, the arena of her unostentatious triumphs: the noiseless exploits of anxious, affectionate, self-forgetting, woman weigh to more honour in the balance of the sanctuary than the more boastful achievements of man: and, after all, it may be her praise that history, which amounts to little more than a record of splendid crimes, has "left her alone with her glory," untarnished by commendation.

The noble Cornelia, daughter of Scipio Africanus, and even better known as mother of the Gracchi, was an honourable type of her sex. The anecdote currently reported of her, that she showed to a purse-proud friend, her children as her jewels, is, as it ought to be, a trite tale: it was a beautiful thought, and

worthy of a better subject; for the name of Gracchus has become a synonyme with seditious democrat. As an example of the above remarks regarding the silence of history, the voluminous Livy, (if the writer mistakes not,) mentions Cornelia but once, B. xxxviii. c. 57.

The last line has reference to 1 Thess. ii. 19, 20, where St. Paul calls his converted children, his "crown of rejoicing, his glory and his joy."—In conclusion, the subject affords a proper opportunity for protesting against the wicked and atheistical notions of the present age regarding the blessings of increase. The benediction of God upon marriage can never become obsolete, however political economists and others, may, in their stolid unbelief of Providence, think and preach otherwise. The gist of the matter is the bringing up; the largest family of the poorest day-labourer, so it be well governed, shall never come to want: but neglect of parental duties alters the case materially, and converts the blessing into a curse. However, duty presupposed, children must ever be a blessing, spiritual, moral, temporal, and physical; and the absence of them, though under our covenant certainly not at all judicial, must be regarded as the deprivation of a blessing.

VIRGIL.

As, for yourselves,—O birds, no nest ye build,
No fleecy coats, O nibbling flocks, ye wear,
With sweets for you, O bees, no hive is fill'd,
O steers, no self-enriching yoke ye bear;
Thus for thyself, great prince of pastoral song,
Toil'd not thy modest muse, but for all time,
Yea, to the world thy polished strains belong;
Was it then virtue in thee, or half crime
A false humility, sublimely wrong,
To try to cheat thine Epic of its fame,
For that, to thee perfection seem'd ill done,
Hurling thy laurels to the jealous flame?
O Mantua, thou wert rich in such a son,
Yea, had thy Virgil been thine only one.

The classical student will perceive the use that has been made above, of the celebrated quatrain, "Sic vos non vobis:" it is of course admitted that the original application was different. Virgil's modesty was as proverbial as that of Goldsmith, and indeed went to the pernicious length of desiring to burn the Æneid, because the progress of a fatal disease hindered its completion: the frequent occurrence of half lines is sufficient evidence that the poet had not satisfactorily finished his task. Nevertheless, the "limæ labor" is everywhere apparent, and the writings of Virgil owe their fame more to their polish, and elegance, than to their exact originality; for Homer, (compare the opening of the Æneid with that of the Odyssey,) Hesiod, (of whose "works and days" there are several translated lines in the Georgics,) and Theocritus, Moschus, and Bion, (from the Idylls of whom are many short extracts in the Eclogues,) were clearly the pioneers who hewed out the path of Virgil to the epic, the rustic, and the bucolic: still, no qualification can diminish the lustre of his crown; he found indeed the quarry of marble, but he has shaped of it forms of beauty,—he took possession of a meadow, and made it the garden of Hesperides.

The latter part of the following translated passage

is, in the original, full of power and pathos, and some have accounted it Virgil's chef d'œuvre: when first recited by the poet before Augustus and his sister Octavia, the latter swooned away at the name of a son, so amiable, so excellent, and so short-lived. It is said that Virgil was rewarded for the eulogy with a sum equal to two thousand pounds of our money. The extract has been selected here, as having an additional interest, in reference to the more ancient Marcellus already greeted in this volume: translations of such passages should always be received with much indulgence. It occurs at Æneid vi. 855, where the shade of Anchises, after introducing several heroes to Æneas, proceeds;

Behold, how glorious in his regal spoil
Marcellus comes, a victor more than human!
He, mighty warrior, shall the Roman weal
Establish, when by perils fierce assailed;
Proud Carthage shall he crush, and rebel Gaul,
And be the third his votive arms to give
An offering to the founder, Romulus.
—Abrupt here spake Æneas; for he saw
Close by the hero's side a stripling fair,
Beauteous in form, and bright with burnished arms,
But joyless look'd his eyes, and sorrowing brow.
—Who, father, then is he, that follows thus
Yon passing warrior-shade? perchance a son,—
Or one of his illustrious progeny?
How loudly those surrounding comrades hail

The peerless in himself!—yet dismal night
About his forehead flits in darkening shades.
—To whom Anchises, choked with bursting tears:
O son, seek not to learn the sorrows huge
Of thine own people. Him—the fates to earth
Shall only show, nor grant to sojourn there.
Truly, ye gods, the Roman family
To you had seem'd too gloriously blest
Were such a boon their own. O what a wail
Of mourners to the mighty city of Mars
That burial-place shall waft! what sorrowing rites
Funereal, shall the conscious Tiber see
Soft-gliding by the new-made tomb of youth!
Never shall child of Iliac ancestry
Raise Latin hope so high; nor Roman soil
Shall ever boast in such another son.
Alas for piety, and ancient faith,
And prowess in the battle-field unmatched!
For not a foe shall scatheless bear the brunt
Of his arm'd onset, whether he fight a-foot
Or dig with reeking spur his charger's flank.
Alas, poor blighted youth of many tears!
If e'er thou burst the gyves of thy hard fate,
Thou, thou shalt be Marcellus. Scatter lilies
With liberal hand for him,—and I the while
Will sprinkle blushing flowers, and the spirit
Of my fair scion will at least endow
With such poor gifts as these, paying to him
An unavailing homage.——

Although it is not very relevant to the subject, still the following morceau of the above-mentioned Bion is so exquisite in its sentiment, and so touchingly alludes to the heathen dread of annihilation, that the reader will not be sorry to meet with it. The beauty of the original in its plaintive sounds is not to be reached: the following attempt is in the same metre as the Greek.

Woe to us!—even the mallows, when blighted they die in the garden,
Even the pale-leav'd parsleys, and green anet crowding the meadow,
Afterward live once more, and bloom for another bright summer:
But,—all we that are men, tho' mightiest, greatest, and wisest,
When that we perish, we lie in the cold hollow earth forgotten,
Sleeping a destin'd sleep, unawakable, dreamless, eternal.

Strange, that the continuous resurrection of nature so tenderly alluded to above, should not have hinted to so sensitive an observer the probability of his own after existence: strange, that a mind which could envy perennial weeds, should entertain no hope of its own immortality!—St. Paul in 1 Cor. xv. 36 deduces future being from a similar analogy.

HORACE.

Lyrist of every age, of every clime,
Whose eye prophetic saw thy strong-built fame
Stand a perennial monument sublime,
Not all of thee shall perish: in thy name
Live memories embalmed of richest thought,
Far flashing wit, and satire's wholesome smart,
Fine speech with feeling delicately fraught,
And patriot songs that with their generous glow
Warm to the love of home the wanderer's heart:
How varied is the chaplet on thy brow,
How wreath'd of many praises; the bright bay,
With laughing rose, and ebrious ivy twin'd,
And myrtles of staid hue, and wild flowers gay,
Shadow the changeful phases of thy mind.

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius," "non omnis moriar," in all the fervour of poetic frenzy, exclaimed "Romanæ fidicen lyræ." And verily his boast is true. These sublime confidences indicate the master minds, whose memory dieth not: witness Pindar and Thucydides, Mahomet, and CHRIST.

The poems of Horace are surprisingly fresh and young: he is the most modern-looking of the ancients;—but is it not that we have copied from him?—he will never be obsolete; his variety forbids it: the moralist and the reveller, the kind-eyed friend and the cutting satirist, the composer of ludicrous squibs, and of majestic hymns, now laughing with Democritus γελασῖνος, and now weeping with Heraclitus of mournful memory, Horace is such an eternal type of superior humanity, that he can never die: so long as Man is man enough to own all the feelings and frailties of humanity, he will acknowledge to a thousand sympathies with the prince of lyrists.

Shall we be pardoned for venturing here on a task which savours so much of the scholastic, as that of presenting a few thoughts from Horace in an English garb? at any rate we look for the approving suffrages of that fairer class of readers, to whom the

Odes are sealed mysteries. The fifth of the first book may be rendered thus;

TO PYRRHA.

What slender youth on bed of roses,
Pyrrha, by thy side reposes,
With odours pérfum'd sweet
In shady grot reclin'd?
And when her waving auburn tresses
With neat simplicity she dresses,
Oh, whom is it to greet?
For whom art thou so kind?
Alas, how oft will that fond boy
Who now so blindly can enjoy
Thy venal beauties, weep
Thy broken vows of love,
When all thy perjury he finds;
And wondering at the roughening winds,
That brush the darkling deep,
Will woman's folly prove:
Hapless,—he knoweth not thy wiles,
But hopes to bask in all thy smiles,
And have thee his alone;—
Still, those are more unblest,
Who all in vain thy charms approve;
For me half-drown'd in Pyrrha's love
Before old Neptune's throne
I hang my votive vest.

By way of contrast take a nautical ode, (i. 14,) certainly too freely rendered to be called a translation: many will be offended at its having been made applicable to England, in reference to these days of revolutionary movement, but honest men think fit to speak their mind.

Our poor old ship,—what, being launched again
Into blue water?—tempt not thou the main,
Hold fast aport, or all our hopes are vain;

Look you, you cannot bring a gun to bear,
The rough sou'-westers all your canvas tear,
Mizen and mainmast—both are springing there;

The well-tarred sail your leaky bottom patches,
Or 'twould be nine feet water under hatches;
And as for Providence, which o'er you watches,

Your skipper and his crew have sneered and scoff'd,
About "the little cherub up aloft;"
No prayermongers, say they, we're not so soft.

Well,—though you boast you're built of British oak,
And trust a sheet that never bent nor broke,
Avast, look out,—the breakers make us croak,—

Just have a care, nor give rude Boreas sport;
Your figurehead so fine might go to court,
But as for you,—don't budge an inch from port:

I love you, poor old hulk, with heart as warm
As any man aboard;—'ware then the storm,
Whose thunder roars for—fraudulent Reform.

To dissipate the cloudy atmosphere of politics, here follows the 16th ode, being a "recantation to Tyndaris."

O than a beauteous mother lovelier still,
Do with my wayward verses what you will,
Let the fierce flame consume them, or the wave
Of Hadrian hide them in a drowning grave.

Not Dindymenës' inspiration fills
Her worshippers, not wine, nor Phœbus thrills
The heart more fiercely, nor the mimic war
With maddening cymbal clashing from afar,

Excites the Corybantes with such ire
As springs from malice! This nor ocean's swell
Lash'd with the storm, nor Noric-sword, nor fire
Nor Jupiter with all his bolts can quell.

Prometheus, ere his arduous task began,
From various beasts our various passions chose,
And plac'd the lion in the breast of man,
Thenceforth to ravin there in wrathful woes.

'Twas anger laid Thyestes low
And levell'd cities with the ground;

Anger the cause of all their woe
Which bade the insulting foe surround
With hostile plough, where erst the rampart frown'd.

Be calmer then: I too ere now
When youth was mine, enrag'd with thee,
In verses made my choler flow:
But O forgive, love, pity me!
Let me recant that impious strain,
And give me thy esteem again.

The twenty-third is playful and pretty.

Chloë, you shun me, timidly,
Like a wanton kid, that seeks
It's dam amid the mountain peaks,
With panting heart and fearful eye,
Trembling, as the zephyr moves
With balmy breath the waving groves.

For whether Spring's soft mildness near
Stirs the forest foliage green,
Or the scaly lizard seen
Rustles in the grass; with fear
It trembles in each quiv'ring knee
And looks around it timidly.

But fear me not: I do not seek
Like some Gætulian great wild-beast
Lion, or bear,—or pard at least,—

To wound thy neck, or bite thy cheek:
Then bolder leave thy mother's side,
And blooming learn to be a bride.

Our last shall be a very closely translated Anacreontic, in the sapphic metre, to the poet's servant.

No! lad, I hate your Persian decorations,
Ivy-bound chaplets put me out of humour,
Go not to seek where in some nook or other
Lingers the last rose:

All that I care your willingness to weave me
Is the neat myrtle; 'twill as well become you
Serving, as me, beneath the matted vine-leaves
Merrily drinking.

But we are warned alike of the claims of other worthies, and of the probable "ohe, jam satis,"—rising to the mind of many, who may do these things far better: let us turn "from gay to grave," from a chapter of humanity not less true to nature because comparatively trifling, to matters of deeper thought and more serious import.

"Sicelides Musæ, paulo majora canamus."

MARY THE VIRGIN.

HAIL, Mary! blessed among women, hail!
How should I pass thee by, most favoured one,
As thus I greet thee in this visioned vale
Far other than on earth, when sad and pale
Beneath the bitter cross of that dear Son
Thy woman's heart did faint; I note thee now
Walking in praise, and on thy modest brow
The coronet that tells of glory won:
O blest art thou, but not yet full thy bliss,
Albeit where erst the sword pierc'd through thy heart
Celestial joys in thrilling raptures dart;
For He, the tender firstling of thy love,
The precious child thy virgin lips did kiss,
Hath still to take his triumph from above.

It has been considered proper, by way of distinction from the profanum vulgus, to place our Lord in his human character between two persons of scriptural excellence: and be it duly noted that He is not numbered among our septuagint, but is one above the seventy, the separate from all. The name of the blessed Virgin occurs immediately for one such pyramidal supporter, and the disciple whom Jesus loved, and to whose care from a fearful deathbed he committed his mother, rises to the mind as a fitting counterpart.

The opportunity is here gladly embraced of saying a few words with reference to the very various estimations in which the mother of our Lord is held by Protestants and Romanists. In nothing has the besotted tendency of mankind to run into extremes been more fatally exemplified: the former, in many published instances, scarcely allowing the most favoured of the daughters of Eve superiority for any thing in the sight of heaven or earth; the latter, worshipping Mary in ludicrous idolatry as Queen of heaven, Mother of God, and the Rapture of the Blessed: nay more, some German reformers have gone to lengths for which indecorous would be too mild a term, in endeavouring to prove the wife of

Joseph not immaculate; and some reputed Catholics have confessed their unbelief in the God of the Jews, while they worship zealously the Virgin-mother of the Christians.

As usual, truth lies in the mean. Holy Mary is a character whom the church in all generations shall pronounce blessed. She is worthy of all honour in both worlds,—ranks are known in heaven, for heaven is a monarchy, not a republic,—as the deputed cause of our Lord's humanity, the instrument of God's incarnation; as such she may fairly be accounted Queen among women, and foremost in the pure procession of martyrs and virgins. But here we stop: no Christian man should refuse to a Gabriel all due honour, but, when it comes to worship,—"See thou do it not:" no Christian man could withhold all reverence from the mother of Jesus, but if he is to pray to her, he demands that she be invested with Godhead.

It has frequently struck the writer, (and doubtless others,) that of all the recorded sayings of our Lord to Mary there is scarcely one which to an English ear does not require some explanation, to excuse an apparent sharpness. The abrupt, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" especially, (although very much softened in the Greek,) is a strong case: and without doubt, the providence of God had a design for our good in that, and similar passages. It would seem that our Lord, particularly in the "Who are my mother and my brethren?" &c., foreknowing the

idolatrous nature of man, had purposely guarded against worship of his earthly mother: at the same time that her superior honours are amply provided for in the salutation of the heavenly messenger, the subjection of Jesus in his childhood, and his care for her when in the agonies of death. Who among the children of Adam has been similarly honoured? And in that brighter world, where Christ in his glorified manhood sits enthroned, who should receive more reverence, such as creature may render to creature, than the mother of the King of men,—"the womb that bare him, and the paps that he hath sucked?"

The distinction between reverence and worship cannot be too strongly insisted on. Reverence is paid to another as an act of duty to that Being who is worshipped from the heart, and only for his sake, and with reference to him. Reverence is the branch, which extends to many of God's creatures: but Worship is the root, which should be fixed in Himself alone.

THE TOPSTONE.

HE, to whom, and from whom, all Time dates, the goal of the law, the starting-place of the gospel, the fulfilment of the old covenant, the beginning of the new, HE, who nullified the curse, and created the blessing, who bound Satan and his angels in adamantine bondage, and opened to emancipated humanity the golden wicket of mercy, was given to us men, and for our salvation, in the year of the world 4004, or according to the Septuagint Chronology, 5478. The life of Emmanuel, God in our nature, was one unclouded blaze of beneficence and purity; the Lord our Righteousness ceased not to go about doing good, leaving us an example to follow his steps: Who hath not heard his report? to whom in our day hath He not been revealed? and where is the character of any intellectual eminence that has not been affected by the simple record of his virtues? Josephus, Antoninus, Napoleon, Frederick, Byron, and Voltaire, even ye are found reluctant witnesses to the beauty of his life, and unwillingly swelling the chorus of his praise: and, O fair company of virgin saints, O glorious army of undaunted

confessors, ye, throughout the persecutions of a Christian's life, and despite the bitterness of a martyr's death, with heart and voice raise the blessed pæan, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!

But the Holy one of God receiveth not testimony from men. And yet, what shall we say? No heathen could, in natural justice, have omitted such a man, as man, from the briefest catalogue of the worthies of earth; the emperor Hadrian, liberal in enlightened paganism, set up the image of the holy Jesus in a high place among his demigods and heroes; and upon what principle should a Christian hesitate to praise him and name him above "a few, a very few, not all worthiest, not all best," of the excellent of the earth? It is true that such a light shines in our firmament "velut inter ignes Luna minores;" it is true that many here in the train of our King are frail, ignorant, unsoftened men; it is true that our song is weak, the wings of our fancy paralysed, the building hand, that in a bold freemasonry would raise so divine a character to the crown of our pyramid, hath poor skill, and feeble power in such Titanic architecture: but, should a temple in honour of the great and good, however homely in material, be found wanting in "Jesus Christ himself, as the chief corner-stone?" should these our greetings to men who from time to time have done honour to humanity, have no word of cordial welcome to Him, who, while in one nature no less than God, in an-

other is no more than Man? Should our gallery of universal worth lack the Grand Exemplar? Should our visioned pyramid be robbed of its illuminated topstone, and not rather hear it "brought in with shoutings, of Grace, grace unto it?"

O Thou, my God, and yet my brother man,
My worshipped Lord, and sympathizing friend,
That so hath loved us all, ere time began,
That so wilt love us still, when time shall end,
Pardon and bless, if on my bended knee
As Best of Men I raise the song to Thee!
For we can claim Thee ours, as of earth;
To us, to us, the wondrous child is given,
And that illimitable praise of heaven
Prisons his fullness in a mortal birth:
Hope of the world, what were all life, all health,
All honours, riches, pow'rs, and pleasures worth,
If from Thy gracious face, good master, driven,
Whose smiles are joy, and might, and rank, and wealth?

Let no one cavil, if, as in the wonderful picture of Leonardo Da Vinci, the centre of our painting have least of the divinior aura: human adornments of intellectual cornice or poetic frieze ill befit the Stone,

foursquare, cut by no human hands, that, joining heaven to earth, in the brightest atmosphere of creature excellence, crowns with divine glory the pyramid of earthborn manhood.

May we, without presumption, trespass longer on such holy ground? The hope of doing good is our boldness, and our apology.

The present subject gives occasion to offer a few remarks by way of attempting to dissipate a vulgar error, which, through the false teaching of injudicious zealots, tends to place the physical courage of the Captain of our Salvation in a most unworthy light. Allusion is particularly intended to the agony in the garden, which common expounders of holy writ are in the habit of regarding as the effects of fear at the foreknowledge of suffering; an imputation of cowardice which wiser champions for truth will most indignantly deny. The notion is only worthy of those who account Jesus of Nazareth as a mere man, and that, so humble as to have nothing of the hero in his nature; the better doctrine being briefly this: The pure and immaculate Lamb of God stood, as a vicarious sacrifice, loaded and covered with the blackest guilt; He, like the scapegoat in the wilderness, was carrying away the sins of the world; and in the sight of Almighty Justice was accounted the worst of criminals. That reproach hath broken his heart; he was full of heaviness; the thought of the real, not merely acted, anger of God the Father pierced his soul: and in the deadly struggle of

his righteous spirit with every species of imputed wickedness, His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling to the ground. There was no weak terror here; no unmanly apprehensions of the scourgings and the cross: the struggle was worthy of a God, and the agony was that of a mighty wrestler scarcely subduing his opponent. Space and place forbid further extension of the subject: but this hint is sufficient for the Christian reader to follow out at his leisure.

ST. JOHN.

Not love alone, thou whom the Saviour loved,
Not faith alone, O favoured more than men,
Not fivescore years of holiness approved,
Nor the dear beauties of thy joyful pen,
Mark thee alone God's friend; ennobled more
By the large gift of deep prophetic ken,
How full of ecstacy couldst thou adore
With thousand thousand shining ones before
That throne of glory, pouring out the hymn
While echoed far the rapturous amen
From brilliant flocks of thronging cherubim,
And those four restless Zoa, full of eyes:
O seals, O trumpets, wonders dread and dim!
Exile, thy praise be holiest mysteries.

St. John lived the first hundred years of our era. His characteristics were, remarkably, love and faith; and perhaps if any preference can without impropriety be given to one above the rest of the four gospel narratives, St. John's will to most readers prove eminently dear, eminently joyful. Still, the exile of Patmos might, if it were lawful, boast of more than the common graces of Christianity: his Apocalyptic visions, so graphic as to be almost tangible, in which the world's destiny is riddled, are the most decisive evidences of inspiration which an intellectual being could require. The word Zoa will stop some readers: it is the term signifying 'living creatures,' so unhappily translated 'beasts,' in our authorized version; Would this were the only instance in which the sublimities, and often the sense, of the original, are deformed and darkened. Surely, something might piously and judiciously be done to stop the fool's mouth on this important point; it is well known to Hebrew and Greek scholars that obscurities, vulgarisms, and seeming errors have no place in the original tongues: no one surely will be disposed to deny, that all honour and thanks are due to the venerable translators of our English Bible; their labours are worthy of the highest appreciation; they levelled the Rocky

Mountains that stood gigantic barriers to truth:—but still there are stumbling-blocks in the way: every thing human is capable of improvement; and moreover, it should be remembered that the British languageis a current one; that phrases, expressive enough many years ago, have now lost their point, and some words once unobjectionable, have from usage sunk into grossness. It is, confessedly, a dangerous thing to emulate Uzzah in propping the ark: but the true ark is the original Scripture, not our version of it, however accurate; and surely persons, zealous for good, distrustful of self, holy, judicious, and learned, might be found fitted for the task of revision: a task neither difficult nor extensive, but yet of the very first importance. Where are Bezaleel and Aholiab? (Exodus, xxxv. 30, &c.) Are there none among us of the lion-hearted tribe of Judah bold enough, none of the serpent-minded tribe of Dan wise enough to work herein for the service of the sanctuary? or is there not a cause?—

The appropriate subject of St. John gives the writer an occasion to deliver his mind on another most important matter, the due administration of the Holy Eucharist. Allusion is intended to the common practice of repeating the benedictions individually. With great deference to the opinions and feelings of others on this point, thus much is here briefly urged against the practice: it is not according to the original institution, which was to "all," not to "each;" it militates against the habit of the primi-

tive Christians, however soon the spirit of distrust, owing to prevalent heresies, may have introduced so exclusive a plan; the influence it exercises over the mind of the recipient is in a great measure a selfish one, tending to segregate each member from the church as a whole; while its practical effects upon human infirmity are to bewilder with a perpetual recurrence of the same words, and to lengthen a service which might with more convenience be shortened: another and the last objection to be raised, is the confusion sometimes caused by repetition in the mind of those who officiate; for example, it has occurred, (and to give a specific instance, in the writer's own case,) that the same form of benediction has been said for both elements, and the bread or wine has been severally given twice, instead of each but once. Surely, the simple, impressive and church-like form of blessing, in a catholic, that is, universal, way, the full rail of communicants, and then in solemn silence giving to each, would be a preferable custom to that which is common among us: it is indeed sometimes, though seldom, seen: and a thinking man will account the general occurrence of the individual plan not a little demonstrative of the selfish and sectarian spirit of the age. Every man, in religion as in the strife of worldly competition, keeps aloof from his neighbour even at the communion, and asks a separate blessing: he considers not himself as one of a true church, whose real members are in a state of safety, but as an isolated soul toiling

unaccompanied up to the rock of salvation: he carries his mercantile feelings of individual, if not rival, interest, even to the altar of God, and finds the sacred elements themselves doled out to him as to one among many contending candidates, whereas he ought to see in them, a feast liberally distributed to a united band of brothers: he is watered as if he were a weak, diurnal, independent weed, and forgets that he is to draw nourishment as a leaf of the perennial tree: he is fed as an individual pilgrim, the casual occupant of the caravanserai, rather than as one of many sons, whose birthright it is to sit, long-invited guests, at their Father's table.

It is, indeed, true that personal religion is of the first importance; that Christianity is a race, a strife, a warfare; but, as the large heart of the patriot in seeking the welfare of his country more actually serves the petty interests of his own small circle, than do the narrow views of the selfish individual schemer, so the zealous churchman in aiming at the good of the whole, fails not to be rewarded with the better as his single share: his race is not a flight for safety, but as one of a flock of doves from Lebanon to Carmel; his strife is to keep down self, not to set it up as an idol even in the temple of Jehovah; his warfare may have to be waged more continually even with the specious power of religious selfishness, than with foes that come in less angelic guise: he has, upon principles of humanity, much more need to lay to heart, "He that will save his soul, shall lose it," than

" know ye not that all run and one obtaineth the prize:" in this, as in all other practical matters, he must amalgamate the seeming paradoxes of Scripture: all religious errors have grown out of isolated texts; the Bible, to be read aright, must be read as a whole addressed to a whole, for every heresy that has arisen in the world has sprung from the false habit of considering it a collection of separate propositions addressed to the judgment of individuals. Private judgment is, indeed, the inalienable right of a rational being; but that rational being should, to be safe, remember, that he is one of many, and that where all are fallible, the inference of reason (to go no higher, and not to lay too much stress on the attributes of the collective church,) is, that the long-tried judgment of the many must be nearer truth than the passing notion of the one.—Let these things be considered.

ST. PAUL.

WHAT thanks to pay thee?—by what stretch of thought,
What happy flight of reverential praise,
What tuneful hymn with holiest ardour fraught,—
A welcome, worthy of the heart, to raise
Even to thee,—whose Apostolic zeal
Hath blest, corrected, comforted, and taught
All generations for eternal weal?
God send the grace, with contrite breast to feel
The preciousness of each high argument
In those dear letters writ from heaven to earth,—
O thus to gather manna, kindly sent
To feast our souls in more than Egypt's dearth,—
Thus, like to thee, through might in mercy lent,
Dying indeed to sin, by second birth.

Very little need here be said of a character happily so well known as that of the Apostle Paul. The blessings of scriptural education have, it is to be hoped, rendered most persons as familiar with his doctrine, as with his history. However, it must to some extent, not unimportant, be acknowledged, that the mere English reader who would *study* St. Paul's Epistles has many more obstacles to contend with, for the matter of obscurity, than if he could have recourse to the Greek: and the writer would here again for the last time take the opportunity of urging some authorized revision of our present translation. The writings of St. Paul, perfectly logical as they are, often appear to us unnecessarily confused; first, from a word, which in the original has various meanings, being rendered invariably by one, irrespective of the different sense which the context may require: secondly, from different Greek words being translated by the same word in English: thirdly, from obsolete expressions of our own: fourthly, from too little allowance having being made for general orientalisms, or specific idioms: and, fifthly, from some unwarrantable translations. It is manifest, that in fairness, instances of the above should not be stated without entering at more length than is here

to be desired into biblical and philological criticism: the student in theology will be at no loss for examples, while the ordinary scripture reader would with reason feel dissatisfied at objections, the arguments of which are unstated, or to him unintelligible. Nevertheless, with a view to do good, and by way of establishing the position by definite instances, the writer will produce three, which if they stood alone in error, would call imperatively for authoritative revision. Take, briefly, Romans, xi. 1, where the apostle's religious and patriotic hope, μὴ γένοιτο, is turned into the very objectionable phrase "God forbid,"—sounding, as commonly read, not unlike a violation of the third commandment; the literal sense is, may it not happen, or, be it far from him, which, though weaker, gives no seeming precedent for an oath. Take again, 1 Cor. viii. 1—5, (to save a repetition of four verses, let it be turned to,—) where the following simple and accurate change makes perfect sense of a passage which in our version has been much misunderstood,—"Now as touching things offered to idols, we know, (for we all have knowledge; knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth; and if any man think that he knoweth any thing, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know: but if any man love God, the same is known of him. As concerning therefore the eating of those things that are offered in sacrifice unto idols, we know) that an idol is nothing in the world, and that there is no other God but one." Or it is pos-

sible to place the parenthesis before—(we know that we all have knowledge, &c.—) As the sentence stands at present, the argument is unintelligible. A third, and, to the writer's mind, in its consequences the worst possible case, occurs in 1 Cor. xi. 29, where κρῖμα, which means "penalty," and is explained afterwards by the chastenings of temporal disease, is fearfully forced into "damnation;" a word, which especially as adopted into our sacramental service, has occasioned the most anxious misery to the conscientious, but unlearned, recipient; a word, which totally unwarranted as it is both in itself and from the context, has probably done more harm to the Established Church by frightening persons from her communion, than any other abuse whatever; a word, which, as a great moral and religious hindrance lying at the steps of the altar, as a spectre of eternal horror to the tender conscience, as a phrase hardening the ill-prepared by sentencing beforehand even those worst whose lot can never be known here, ought to be removed, unveiled, expunged. Κατάκριμα, (v. 32,) "penalty to the uttermost" is the fate of a world that lieth in the wicked one: but κρῖμα is a "warning" to the careless, a "chastening" to the faithless, a "punishment" to the graceless: a giving over of the body to a temporal affliction, if so be that the soul may be gained through the body's temporal loss: it is a voice to the uninitiated, "procul este profani," for you enter to your hurt; but alas, it has often appeared to the humblest and most pen-

itent as a thunderbolt of everlasting wrath hanging over his distracted head, like the sword of Dionysius over Damocles at the royal festival.

With unfeigned deference to the judgment of many good and many wise, who will oppose even so desirable a change on the ground of inexpediency, it is submitted that such an error as the last, (one which has arisen probably from time, the original sense having been far different,) need not and ought not longer to exist. There are many others of less urgent consequence; still those many are an injurious hindrance to most hearers when the epistles are read aloud; they often deter the enquirer in private from reading them to himself; or he is used to the words, and thinks not of the recondite sense: and although to "let well alone" is a wholesome rule in general, yet surely for matters of religion, our English Bible ought to be as perfect as possible. There are doubtless several weighty objections to making any thing here that would savour of needless innovation: but still the change need be very little; and for the interests of the Establishment, the last cited example alone appears to the writer a conclusive argument in favour of that little: without disturbing the grand, simple, antique, sacred fabric, a brick or two might be judiciously extracted or inserted by way of repair: our version might be left as it is, with an authorized list of corrigenda: to modernize it, would be to spoil it. We ought always to bear in mind

that verbal inspiration can apply only to the original tongues; and that it is our duty to approach those tongues as nearly in sense as possible.

The above remarks are intended to be made in much humility, and as directing attention to the expediency of the matter, rather than dogmatically asserting it.

ZENOBIA.

PALMYRA,—widowed city of the dead,
How mournfully thy marshalled columns stand
Grey sentinels above that desert sand,
Where once thy patriot multitudes were spread
In serried ranks around Zenobia's car
Hurling defiance at despotic Rome,
When country's love inspired the righteous war
For temples, Lares, liberties, and home,
Yea, to the death: Palmyra, thy last boast
Was this undaunted queen, the chaste, the fair,
Wise to decide, and resolute to dare,
Sage among sages, heroine in the host:
Hide not the fetters, as thou walkest there,
Liberty's martyr, those become thee most.

Palmyra is commonly imagined to be the "Tadmor in the desert," of holy writ, 2 Chron. viii. 4, which was built by Solomon: indeed it is so named by the neighbouring tribes to this day. It is certain however that all the remains of this famous city which time has spared to our view are of the latest style of Greek architecture; whereas a city built by Solomon would almost certainly partake of the peculiar solidity of Egyptian work, from his connexion with that country through Pharaoh's daughter. Indeed, beyond the name, in which vague tradition may have erred, we have no unimpeachable evidence that Palmyra is the Tadmor of King Solomon: the situation and the style are both against the supposition; and the word Tadmor, being derived from the Hebrew name for palm-tree, is equally applicable to Petra, or more accurately, to any city erected on an oasis covered with date-trees in the midst of the desert. It is submitted, that Solomon could not have raised such a Palmyra as its ruins sample to us, and also, that he, if any one, was likely to have left some record of his building, some solid architectural proof which should stand to our day. Perhaps we must look for the Tadmor of the scriptures nearer to Hamath than Palmyra is; although indeed Josephus

(Ant. viii. 6,) would seem to favour the common opinion.

Zenobia flourished about the middle of the third century A. D. She was in many respects a most uncommon personage, and her patriotism, learning, and beauty, her feminine modesty and reckless courage, are fully and credibly recorded in the pages of history. She was subdued, might against right, by the warlike emperor Aurelian, and was forced to walk at his triumph in fetters of gold: however, the conqueror in some degree extenuated the guilt of his invasion by conferring large grants upon the dethroned empress, and enabling her to live at Rome in splendid captivity until her death.

The present appearance of Palmyra, and Balbec, which are about one hundred and thirty miles apart, is represented to be analogous to that of the ancient sites of the once majestic cities in Upper Egypt; groves of the most stately columns, and sculptured masses of the finest architecture, rising out of a sea of sand. Doubtless, there was a time when Syria, Egypt and many now sterile parts of Judæa were luxuriant in fertility, and swarming with abundant population. But those nations were rejected; the heaven over them became brass, the earth beneath like iron, the land became powder and dust, and that which had blossomed like the rose, was blighted into desert.

COLOMBA.

Mournfully breaks the north wave on thy shore
Silent Iona, and the mocking blast
Sweeps sternly o'er thy relics of the past,
The stricken cross, the desecrated tomb
Of abbots, and barbarian kings of yore:
Thee from the blight of death's encircling gloom
Colomba saved, and to thy cloisters grey
In pious zeal for God, and love for man,
Of mighty truth led on the conquering van,
And largely pour'd fair learning's hallow'd ray
On night's dark deep,—an isolated star
The Pharos of those arctic Cyclades
That lighted to her rocky nest from far
Mercy's white dove, faint flutterer o'er the seas.

Colomba, who has been canonized by the Romish church, from which however he differed in some essential particulars, flourished in the sixth century of our era. He was a native of Ireland, but the opposition which his zeal for religion and morals met with in that unhappy country, (a country even in those early times, the natural home of poverty, discord and oppression,) so entirely alienated him from it, that in the spirit of Paul at Corinth casting off the Jews, and thenceforth turning to the Gentiles, (Acts, xviii. 6,) he "left his native soil with deep resentment, and vowed never to live within sight of that hated island." Accordingly, after rejecting the island of Oronsay, solely for its too near propinquity, he settled, at the invitation of a certain Bridius, on the more northern isle of Huy, which has been ever since called by the name of Icolmkill, or Iona; names signifying respectively in Celtic and Hebrew the same as the Latin word Columba, "dove;" a beautifully poetic name for that other "ultima Thule," the distant western outpost of Learning. The feeling of Colomba against persecuting Ireland has been remarkably perpetuated to our day by the local name still given to a cairn-crowned hill on the island, which, whatever be its orthography, is pronounced

Carnan-col-reh-Ireum, or "the mound of the back to Ireland."

The diocese of Iona formerly extended to all the neighbouring isles, which were called respectively Norder, and Soder, or Northern and Southern: the bishopric of Sodor and Man has, with the jurisdiction of the South, perpetuated the name, although probably few persons are aware of its origin or meaning.

Dr. Johnson, who certainly was not liable to enthusiasm, and least of all in matters pertaining to our brethren north of the Tweed, exclaims, "That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona;" and it is certainly a thrilling sight, after having indulged the feelings of natural religion in the giant cave of Staffa, surrounded by its thousand columns, and stunned by the deafening waters which break fearfully beneath you, to go a few miles further over that cheerless sea, and amidst the grey desolate quire, the moss-grown walls, the neglected royal tombs, the broken crucifixes, the departed memories of Iona to rise to the sublimer contemplation of truths revealed.

Probably it was mainly due to the influence of Colomba, that the lamp of learning shone for a few short years on the inhospitable shores of Iceland: for at one time the university of Iona was a chief seat of sanctity and science; its basaltic soil was hallowed by more than three hundred stone crosses; and the

tombs of forty-eight kings, including "devilish Macbeth," prove how highly the magnates of the north honoured it with their patronage. But the curse of idolatry was there; image-worship outweighed with evil the lighter good of literature and civilization: the Almighty withdrew the shield of his providence; from the high altar was heard that fearful voice, Let us depart: so, the bloody Dane came as the Lord's avenger, and the judgment of fire and sword swept from the land those degenerated worshippers: behold she sitteth desolate, her glory is gone,— "Ichabod" is graven on the rocks and ruins of Iona.

BEDE.

Around thy memory there lingereth still
A rare and gracious savour, reverend man,
Whose patient toil so long ago began
To sink the sacred wells on Zion-hill,
Whence issued ancle-deep truth's earliest rill,
That deepening soon, in copious torrents ran
From thee their sometime patriarch, until
They reach us fathomless, a mighty sea:
O simple priest, pious, and just, and true,
Religious, learned,—thousand thanks are due
From England, and her children unto thee:
Thou, like thy master, bowing His meek head,
Didst view thy perfect work of piety,
And die rejoicing it was finished.

Pindar says μεγάλων δ' ἀέθλων Μοῖσα μεμνᾶσθαι φιλεῖ, "the Muse delights in commemorating great exploits," and though he might have meant it as applied to mighty conquerors, wrestlers, charioteers, and other muscular heroes of Olympia, we may in these our peaceful times set Clio, Euterpe, or Melpomene, the more humanizing task of celebrating superiority in mind and excellence in morals: a glory greater than that of being a pentathlete, and to be rewarded with a richer crown than one of olive.

The venerable Bede was such an one, having been deservedly famous alike for his personal worth, and his literary labours: although nothing more exalted in station than a simple Northumbrian ecclesiastic, who scarcely went beyond the limits of his native parish, he may justly be regarded as the chief revivor of learning among our ancestors. His name stands out prominently from the darkness of his times, as equally distinguished for piety, purity, and talent, and many of his works, (of which the Ecclesiastical History was translated by King Alfred,) have come down to us incorrupt. It is greatly to the credit of Bede, and shows his mind to have been much in advance of the age in which he lived, that he did all in his power to strengthen the secular and

more industrious clergy, against the idle monks; and scarcely less so, that, being confessedly a paragon of wisdom and sanctity, no miracle was ever attributed to him. The manner of his death was truly glorious, and would have gratified a Solon, in that ἀπέθανε κάλλιστα. Herod. i. 30. The excellent priest, (for his great mind sought none of the rewards of earthly ambition, and he remained to his death an unbeneficed priest,) in the sixty-third year of his age was dictating to his scribe the Saxon translation of St. John's Gospel. Mortal illness came upon him just as the work was approaching to a close, and when the amanuensis in encouragement said, "Master, there is now but one sentence wanting," Bede gasped it out with a "Quickly, quickly," and on hearing "It is now done," said, "It *is* now done," and instantly expired.

Of course, the allusion in the sonnet is made to the Vision of the holy waters seen by Ezekiel, ch. xlvii. to which readers are referred.

CHARLEMAGNE.

WHENCE comest thou?—What kingdom of the stars
Is thine, imperial ghost?—with homage meet
Cæsar, Augustus, thee my song shall greet
And hail a Charlemagne the second Mars!
Yet other notes must fill the praiseful song
Than those hoarse clamours of continual wars,
Or never had I met thee blest among
Children of light: thee, rectitude of soul
Majestic firmness, patriot excellence,
Simplicity and truth and sterling sense
On the bright record of the Great enroll:
Rejoice, fair France, in those dear memories
Of him, thy somewhile glory and defence:
Such monarchs earn the fame that never dies.

The history of Charlemagne will be found to furnish some extraordinary parallels with that of Napoleon Buonaparte. The early developement in the warlike pair of wonderful military talents; the restless desire in them to employ their insurgent subjects even in aimless wars, by way of a safety-valve to their volcanic empires; the application of popes (Adrian, Leo III. and Leo X.) for the assistance of both, and the same reward for services, in receiving at Rome the titles Cæsar, Augustus, and Emperor of the West; the carving out of kingdoms for members of their own families, Charlemagne having crowned several of his sons; the extent of the dominions of both, the empire of Napoleon in its most powerful state having been co-extensive with that of Charles; the countenance which they gave to literature and the arts, and the institution of a learned academy by both: their endeavours to overcome nature, the one by levelling Alps, the other by uniting the Rhine with the Danube, and so attempting a navigable passage through Europe from the Northern Ocean to the Black Sea; the cruel massacres of prisoners perpetrated at Verdun and at Jena; the establishment of codes of law, the great encouragement of agriculture, (compare Charlemagne's introduction of better sorts of grain, with Napoleon's

mania for beet-root sugar,) and the ruinous attention paid by them to their several navies (witness the former's light-house at Boulogne, and the dock-yards of the latter in the Scheldt;) and finally, in the midst of a splendid military court, the extreme simplicity of costume, excepting only on state occasions, frugality of living, and domestic virtues generally characteristic of both emperors.

"Nihil simile quatuor pedibus currit;" and further comparison with Charlemagne must detract largely from the honours of Napoleon. The latter will often appear in the light of an arrogant adventurer, the spoilt child of fortune, the reckless champion of infidelity; while the former is never seen otherwise than as a legitimate "king of men," a defender of the faith, a conquering monarch, with whom prosperity was too natural a birthright to urge him into puerile presumption: the first was an Alexander, or a Scipio, conquering indeed for glory, but to the ultimate good of the vanquished; the last an Attila, or a Tamerlane, scourging the nations: Charlemagne, having reigned in majesty forty-seven years, was buried with royal pomp in his own mausoleum, at Aix-la-Chapelle, where the pilgrim still kisses his giant bones: Napoleon, after a precarious rule of some twelve years, deserted by all, and accounted the great enemy of mankind, lived to be a hooted outcast from the civilized world, and then died to occupy the scant six feet of a hostile soil, after the glories of his

wonderful career had been all but obliterated by the petulant nothingness of the exile of St. Helena.

" Wars, and rumours of wars" were necessarily the chief characteristic of the age of Charlemagne: society was in a transition state, turbid from its foundation upward: men could with great difficulty find quiet or opportunity to cultivate the pursuits which soften manners and enrich minds: the eye was more used to flash at a foeman through its barred vizor, than to pore upon infrequent books: the hand was better skilled in wielding the sword, than in guiding the pen: might was the high tribunal against which there was no appeal, and the discordant world was groaning in its age of iron. Under such external disadvantages how great and unexpected an addition is it to the fame of the warlike Charlemagne, to find in him the patron of science, the great encourager of the arts of peace, the liberal and enlightened Mæcenas of all the little learning which Europe then could boast; to know how diligently, and how successfully, he laboured to educate as well himself, as his subjects; to perceive in his naturally and circumstantially rugged nature the humanizing influences of secular and religious truths; to see that in much he deserved, as he aspired, to be likened, as " a man of war," with David, a name by which he delighted to be called.

The blame of exterminating battles should chiefly be charged upon the spirit of the times in which this

great king flourished; for his public services, and private qualities show him to have been in mind far beyond his age. "His highest praise is that he alone prevented the extinguishment of science in the west, and poured oil into her expiring lamp; and that he accounted it the essential quality of safe government to better the condition of the nations he had conquered."

The empire of Charlemagne arose about the year 800, and the Frank dynasty which sprang from it lasted even to 1272, when the dominions of France and Austria were separated, and Rodolph of Hapsburgh, the founder of the present reigning house, retained the dignity of emperor. In the tenth century, Austria, as a frontier state, was governed by a Lieutenant, in the eleventh it was raised into a marquisate, soon after gave the title of duke, and was not strictly independent until the defeat of Othogar by Rodolph.

HAROON ALRASCHID.

Visions of Oriental pomp around
Teem on my sight; a grand ideal scene
Where upon Tigris Bagdat sits as queen
Rises in dreamy splendour from the ground;
I hear the clashing cymbals, and the sound
Of brazen horns, and loud monotonous drums
From turban'd thousands in their war array
About Alraschid, as the conqueror comes
From perjured Greece, triumphant in the fray:
Best lord, and wisest judge, that ever sate
In the black mantle of the Caliphate,
When we recall thy race and thee, Haroon,
We note thee still the first, most good, most great,
Among those lesser stars the crescent moon.

The reign of Alraschid, or The Just, youngest son of the Caliph Al Mohdi, extended from the one hundred and seventieth to the one hundred and ninety-third year of the Hejira. It is an isolated spot of light during the long and almost universally criminal government (five hundred and twenty-four years) of the thirty-seven successive rulers of the dynasty of the Abassides. The justice, wisdom, clemency, and other monarchical virtues of Haroon are to this day celebrated in the East, and have been perpetuated in many popular tales, particularly in the Thousand and One Nights: his sway extended over a larger area than even that of imperial Rome in her best days, and was at once the most powerful and least guilty despotism the world ever saw, comprising in extent the greater part of Asia, inhabited Africa, and Southern Europe, and being throughout the reign of twenty-three years generally peaceful, flourishing, and well governed.

The Greeks under Irene, having been aggressors, were defeated by the young Haroon in his father's lifetime; and the Emperor Nicephorus, who had perfidiously broken treaty, was afterwards routed by him with a loss which Greece never recovered.

The Caliph Alraschid was accounted the most

fortunate of men, and a story is told of his recovery of a favourite jewel, which recalls in every particular that mentioned by Herodotus (Thalia. 41,) as having happened to Polycrates of Samos, whose emerald ring thrown into the sea by the advice of Amasis, was immediately recovered through the strange good fortune of having been swallowed by a fish which was brought to the royal table. In general, however, it may be remarked that the blind goddess is little better than the slave of quick perceptive genius, and that prosperity must oftener be legitimately attributed to design than to accident: when a man succeeds in whatever he undertakes, the chances are immensely in favour of his wisdom.

And here does any one in the spirit of a Pharisee cavil at the admission of Alraschid among our brief catalogue? if the history of his life afford nothing to admire in virtue, and the circumstances of his station nothing to extenuate in vice, then let the author confess the folly of his predilections. But in truth, vainly shall we look for his like among Eastern despots, ancient or modern, and if we are tolerant enough to love excellence even in a Saracen, we shall have to search far into the pages of the past before we find a better type of Mahometan greatness than Haroon Alraschid.

ALFRED.

All hail, our own, our ancient peerless boast!
From thee thy Britain loves her all to date
Proud of a king, so wise, so good, so great,
Who pour'd the liberties we value most
The sacred rights we chiefly venerate
In rich abundance round our sea-girt coast:
Where is thy tomb among us? where the spot
Ennobled by some record of thy worth,
True Father of thy country?—have we lost
All love of thee? hath England then forgot
Her patriot-prince, her lawgiver, her sage,
Who taught her, nourish'd her, and sent her forth
Rejoicing on her way, from age to age
Queen of the seas, and Empress of the earth?

To Alfred the Great we owe, as a nation, a debt of gratitude incalculable. That illustrious man laid the foundations of our home prosperity, and foreign glory: of the former, as well by many salutary laws, valuable rights, and true liberties, as by the encouragement of learning and strict dispensation of justice: of the latter, by the extension, if not institution of our maritime force, and by the consequences of his own personal valour. To be more particular, he is said to have given us our primal code of statute law, trial by jury, and that regular gradation of ranks which is the true bulwark of society; to have translated into the tongue of his own people many portions of the Bible and other books; to have greatly enlarged, if not originally founded, the university of Oxford; to have been eminently the poor man's friend, and yet to have paid all honour to his parliament by meeting it in council twice a year: to have built a numerous navy of the largest size then known, (sixty-oared galleys,) and to have been actually engaged in fifty-six battles fought pro aris et focis. His compositions also were numerous and learned; in his private character he was pious, industrious, and affable; in prosperity moderate, in adversity courageous; and

briefly, the account which we have of him is full of parallels with the history of the royal Psalmist.

Where is the Country's fitting tribute of respect to this great king?—Why have we no national memorial of our national boast? Surely, something of the sort is due, and has been a debt for ages, were it only as an act of homage to the wisdom of our ancestors. It might even now have some wholesome influence on the degenerate spirit of the age, were some of the truer patriots to give to the world a succinct account of the excellencies of King Alfred, public and private, secular and religious, and of the honour we owe to his individual character: to go further, and on such grounds, to call upon those influential who may still revere his memory, to give him a statue in the parliament-house of our Great Metropolis. It is a sign of evil in the living to forget the virtues of the dead: or is it that, worse than forgetting, we think scorn of the great Alfred? that we account ourselves too much in the van of learning, to heed the poor attainments of the scholar of a thousand years ago? that we are so tainted with the democratic principles, the bitter leaven of "Korah and his company," as to confess to no enthusiasm in recalling the honest fame of a truly British king?—or is it indeed that none but the rarer spirit of a zealous antiquarian can realize these worthies of old time as children of yesterday, thinking of the past as a watch in the night?—

DANTE.

Thou hast borne many great and noble sons
Florence the fair, that beauteous as a dream
Sittest enthroned on Arno's silver stream
Where coyly thro' the laughing vale it runs,
And, oh not last, among those gifted ones,
Memory thine own undying Dante views:
Him, yet a child, strong love that earliest winds
Fetters of rose around the purest minds
Claim'd for his own, and like a monarch gave
To staid Melpomene, his laurelled muse,
The happy captive for a favourite slave:
A slave? A mighty master,—from whose lyre
The pangs of hell, the terrors of the grave,
The joys of paradise, rush forth in fire!

The word dante is a contraction of durante, which signifies lasting, and as a name it has contained a prophecy. Florence produced this great poet in 1265: as a sample of his general precocity, it is said he began to love his Beatrice at ten years of age; an affection which seems to have ended only with his life: for his after-marriage with Gemma Donati was most unhappy, and his poetry throughout is full of allusions to his first, his early, his only love. The works to which he chiefly owes his fame, are the Divine dramas, (as he calls them,) Dell' Inferno, del Purgatorio, and del Paradiso: probably, Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead, and Virgil's sixth Æneid furnished the idea, upon which the genius of Dante has built up a most imaginative temple.

It is a fine coincidence that no epitaph could so well express this poet's immortality as his unadorned name: DANTE in fiveletters tells a tale for immortality.

The present is a favourable opportunity for saying a few words on the conventional length of the sonnet. It will be seen that the author has in the present volume,—though more of a freed-man elsewhere,—adhered throughout to the received number of fourteen lines, as well because he perceives a

harmony in that number, as in deference to the popular opinion, which would as soon think of adding to or taking away from the classic lyre one of its strings, or doing the same by the notes of the gamut, as of appending or cutting off a line from the exact sonnet. However, it will be as well to state, that Dante Alighieri, the first authority in these matters, did not feel himself under any such necessity; some of his sonnets (not, be it observed, the Canzoni,) reach even twenty lines; below, the writer has rendered line for line, one of sixteen: Shakspeare, whose sonnets are devoid of the usual involutions, (being in fact three stanzas and a final couplet,) has at least one of twelve. Still, it must be admitted that these are exceptions from a rule which tacit agreement seems to have established.

TO MADONNA.

Mother of excellence, eternal light,
  Who didst produce that loving fruit for me,
  Which hung in bitter death upon the tree
To save me from the cavern'd deeps of night,—
Giver of blessings from those regions bright,
  Pray thou for me to thine all-worthy Son
  That he may guide me to his heavenly throne
Where governing he sits in gentle might.
  Thou know'st, in thee my trust hath ever stood,
Thou know'st, in thee my joys did ever lie;
  Then succour me, thou infinitely Good,
O succour me for I am like to die

Hunted to hide perforce in those dread deeps:
Desert me not, my best of comforters,
For if on earth a mortal never errs
The heart repents not, nor the spirit weeps.

The above idolatrous effusion well illustrates the remarks on the sonnet to the Virgin in page 171, though scarcely to the extent to be met with elsewhere. The rhymes are arranged as in the original, except that they are there all double, and the version is as literal as the trammels of rhyme permit; but every body knows that the liquid language of Italy flows much more naturally into verse, than any of our sluggish northern tongues. Still, we must not so loosely surrender our lingual pretensions. However musically may glide on the crystal Arno, or the rapid Tiber, however softly the rippled waters of Salerno may murmur the accents of love, we can still claim the deep-flowing stream of sterling eloquence, the cataract of power, the lake of placid beauty, the babbling brook of merriment: or, to cut cable from our inconvenient watery simile, if the Italian beats us in volubility of sound, the Briton is his match in well-said sense; the glory of the former is a Carnival masquerade, the triumph of the latter, the pulpit, the senate, and the bar.

It was the peculiar praise of Dante, that he was the first to elevate his native tongue into a classic by writing in the language of modern Italy instead of that of ancient Rome, and that his works must be

considered as the foundation-stone of his country's literature. Like the poets and philosophers of old time, (always excepting one favourite whom we will have the charity not to name,—" relictâ non bene parmulâ,"—) Dante was distinguished for his bravery in the field, and his wisdom in the state, as well as for literary talent: he lived in most troublous times, during the factions between the Guelphs and the Ghibelines, and though opposite in politics, was in many features of his fate comparable with our later Milton. Like Homer too, he is said to have composed his Divina Comœdia so much in the character of a homeless wanderer, that many cities, far apart, have severally contended for the honour of having been the birth-place of that immortal work.

TELL.

O LIBERTY, sweet angel much maligned,
How have the sons of licence wrong'd thy name,—
What crimes, what follies of unhallowed aim
Have they not cast upon thee, too resigned
Meek martyr, and their lawless works of shame
With thine own wreath of grand achievement twined!
Not thus, yon gallant mountain-patriot,
Fair Switzerland, the darling of thy fame,
Caught to his outraged heart the rescued child,
And, just avenger, spared not, wavered not,
But with dread patience dared the noble deed,
On which glad Liberty approving smil'd;
For when she saw the savage Austrian bleed
She knew her own Swiss home, her own Swiss children freed.

The greatest profanation of the sacred name of Liberty ever committed in the world, was making it the watch-word of Revolutionary France. In fact, the sons of Belial have so strenuously asserted their right to be considered children of light, that the rest of mankind, less badly bold, and staggered by the enormity of the lie, have almost suspected the excellence of liberty altogether. When we hear the Canadian rebel, and the Chartist insurgent, dignified with the name of patriot, the honest lovers of right and order may well disclaim the questionable title. So it is with the pagan Hindoos, and the embruted slaves, when they are called upon to worship with pseudo-christians; and so with the poor Inca of Peru, when he reasonably enough renounced a promised heaven, on being told that Spaniards went there. Nevertheless, there is such a thing as true liberty; and the essence of it consists in the peaceful enjoyment of those rights which are conformable to reason; this, like true religion, is all-worthy of its noble army of martyrs.

The leading facts in the history of William Tell are too well known to need repetition; the dramatist, the historian, and the romancist, have amply cele-

brated the great exploit, which issued in the liberation of Switzerland.

Mountainous regions have in all ages and countries been the spots where patriotism, liberty, purity, religion, hospitality, and indeed all the patriarchal virtues have lingered longest. Our own Wales, and Scottish Highlands, northern Spain, Switzerland, and the Tyrol, are sufficient instances.

The statistics of crime, if the reader has the opportunity of referring to them, (for here, as in a thousand other instances, the writer labours under the difficulty of trusting to unassisted memory,) will be found to present a verdict most favourable to the morals of mountaineers in contradistinction to the profligate habits of lowlanders. Of course, in such an estimate, equal numbers are taken; for it would be unfair to weigh the guilt of a square mile of a populous, because fertile, level, against the almost actual innocence of a similar portion taken from the thinly-peopled upland. The causes which operate favourably on the characters of mountaineers, are, chiefly, the necessity for exercise, and for greater agricultural exertions; the love of home, the features of which are impressed on the mind in such picturesque and gigantic forms as those of Alps and Apennines; the continual leavening of their inhabitants with the most persecuted portions of the church; the poverty

of the neighbourhood; the constant meteorological dangers in which they live; their seclusion; and the power which grandeur of scenery exerts on the mind in disposing it to natural religion.

Burke said, he would do homage to the crown if he saw it hanging on a bush; and Hermann Gessler set up the ducal hat of Austria on a pole, and, in the words of Howe's translation of Zschokke, "commanded that every one should honour it by bowing as he passed by." But diversity of motive and circumstance alike justifies the former, and condemns the latter; the symbol of legitimate right is diametrically opposed to the emblem of usurping wrong: the British statesman upheld order and subjection with patriotic humility; the Austrian governor served the bad cause of degradation and oppression with foreign insolence. The saying of Burke is as different from the action of Gessler, as the vile character of a Wat Tyler, or a Jack Cade is opposed to the noble heart of an Arnold or a Tell.

PETRARCH.

Poet, and hermit-scholar of Vaucluse,
Whom Rome, admiring, forth with laurels sent
A crownéd lover to thy classic muse,—
That thy rare wisdom could serenely choose
Nature, and God, and quiet with content,
Spurning the baubles of ambitious strife
And wealth sin-tainted of a courtier life
In palaces of priests unholy spent,
Honour be thine, and more than mortal fame
Wreathing with amaranth thy starry name:
And may that gentle spirit, strangely rent
By love, alike unguilty and unblest,
Now with its mate, beyond the breath of blame,
After a life's short search find everduring rest.

Petrarch flourished so early as the fourteenth century, a fact of which the freshness of his laurels makes us forgetful. Through the friendship of King Robert of Naples, working on the superstructure of exalted merit, he received the purple robe and crown of bay in the full senate of Rome, as poet laureate: the ceremony was most imposing, and is described at length in his life. His mind was stored with classical knowledge; he was in all things far beyond the age in which he lived; he was a good botanist, and a general lover of nature, as well as a labourer in the mines of art; he is one of the earliest coin-collectors on record; he despised and refused wealth and the honours of the papal court, preferring his books, and the pretty hermitage at Vaucluse on the Sorbia.

The one great error of his life,—an error, nevertheless, to which he mainly owes his present fame,—was a more innocent one than is generally imagined: for however warmly he may have regarded his Laura in the first hours of their friendship, it is certain that their attachment never exceeded the limits of propriety. The unhappy marriage of Laura with Hugues de Sade was the greatest misfortune to the common estimation of Petrarch: but those who will

give themselves the trouble to enquire, will find that the conduct of the Platonic lovers was most pure, noble, and religious.

Without professing to attempt an exact translation, the writer has appended a few thoughts of Petrarch in English verse to show how just and generous were his sentiments: the first is to his beloved Laura: the next to a young poet, who asked him whether it was worth while to persevere in working the ungainful soil of Parnassus.

My Laura, my love, I behold in thine eyes
  Twin daystars that Mercy has given,
To teach me on earth to be happy and wise
  And guide me triumphant to heaven.

Their lessons of love thro' a lifetime have taught
  My bosom the pureness of thine,
They have roused me to virtue, exalted my thought,
  And nerved me for glory divine:

They have shed on my heart a delightful repose,
  All else it hath barr'd from its portal,
So deeply the stream of my happiness flows,
  I know that my soul is immortal.

Sloth, and the sensual mind hath driven away
  All virtues from the world: where'er I range
  I note on every side a wicked change;
Our steps are now unlit by heavenly ray:

The poet, walking in his crown of bay,
Is pointed at—for scorn; the selfish herds
Of mammon-worshippers insulting say
"Where is the gain in all these metred words?
Your crowns of bay and myrtle are but leaves."
And so philosophy goes starv'd and lone,
And Vice is glad, while widowed Virtue grieves.
Still be not thou disheartened, generous one,
Follow that path, which entered ne'er deceives,
But leads if not to earth's, to heaven's throne.

After all then, according to the complaint of Petrarch, we of the nineteenth century are not so poetically degenerate as is commonly supposed, for as little in his age, as in our's, could Horace have written with any truth his "Quem tu Melpomene:" nay, it is a great question whether he could have done so even in his own Augustan era, had he not been a favourite courtier, as well as the Muses' worshipper; the fashion set by a royal patron gives immediate fame, but, unless it be really deserved, time will strip the daw of his feathers: King Robert, and Emperor Octavian, could not have handed down their laureates to admiring after-ages, if Petrarch and Horace had not been in themselves legitimate monarchs of the lyre, paragons of poetry and learning, true swans of Helicon, born with music in their souls. Time is the great arbiter of literary rights; its discriminating stream, drowning thousands in oblivion, carries on the one or two, and throws

them forth upon the shore of immortality; the whirlpools of that river overwhelm all things but the buoyancy of real talent; true bread cast upon its waters is found after many days: and although posthumous fame be not reducible to money's-worth, the man must have sunk very far into the slough of worldliness, who can account the wages paid by posterity to excellence, as poor and valueless amends for the meanness of their ancestors. The spirit of Milton, if yet it wots of earthly fame, has been long since richly compensated for the insult put upon the travail of his genius in that Paradise Lost was sold by him, when living, for ten pounds! The estimate of cotemporaries may be thirty pieces of silver, but of those who come after, uncounted gold. The children of those who slew the prophets, build the prophets' tombs.

COLUMBUS.

THY soul was nerved with more than mortal force,
Bold mariner upon a chartless sea,
With none to second, none to solace thee,
Alone, who daredst keep thy resolute course
Thro' the broad waste of waters, drear and dark,
Mid wrathful skies, and howling winds, and worse
The prayer, the taunt, the threat, the muttered curse
Of all thy brethren in that fragile bark:
For on thy brow, throbbing with hopes immense,
Had just ambition set his royal mark,
Enriching thee with noble confidence
That having once thy venturous sails unfurl'd
No danger should defeat thy recompense
The god-like gift to man of half a world.

In all the eventful history of Columbus, no incident gives a thinking man so exalted an idea of his character, as that alluded to in the sonnet. The constancy of his determination still to hold on, in spite equally of the urgent entreaties and mutinous threats of all his followers, (who even suggested the extremity of throwing him overboard,) was truly heroic: and when land at last appeared, and the toil-worn voyagers fell down to worship him as their deliverer, the picture of true greatness was complete.

Whether or not Columbus was the first discoverer of the Western continent has been much questioned: Martin Behem of Nuremberg distinctly claims the priority, while Americus Vesputius has boldly thieved the laurels of another, and called that great country by his own name. It would appear that Behem discovered the Brazils in 1484: that Columbus visited the main land in 1498; and that Americus named it after himself in 1507. One praise, at any rate, is due to Columbus above the rest; he reached the new world by the mere force of his mind: he was indebted to no accidental current or friendly storm; but he set forth scientifically to work out a geographical problem, and triumphantly proved the theory invented by his genius.—

With respect to the new world, it should be added, that there had from remote antiquity existed a tradition, of which both Plato and Aristotle were aware, that some great and powerful nations lived and flourished in the regions of the setting sun. These, from their architectural remains are now known to have been the ancient inhabitants of Mexico, and Peru, and it is remarkable that many customs, as that of embalming, building pyramids, the use of hieroglyphics, the shape of drinking vessels, &c., are common both to those old occidentals, and to the great and ingenious Egyptians. It appears to the writer very possible, that some Phœnician navigators may in very early times have got accidentally into the influence of a fortunate monsoon, and so have been wafted to America: and this idea would account as well for the original colonization of that continent, as for the excellence in art, and coincidences in language, (for example the name of God, Jehao,) known to have existed among those who have been falsely called the Aborigines of the far West. This notion is far more probable than that the rude Esquimaux by descending to the tropics became quickly metamorphosed into the courtly Peruvian, or that the civilized sons of Europe and Asia would be at the pains to foot it over " thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice" in the desperate hope of coming some distant morrow " to fresh fields and pastures fair." Albeit Horace (whose works, like those of our

Shakspeare are of universal application,) maligns Ocean as " dissociabilis," it has ever been the main road for human enterprise; and however the infidel, rejecting Moses, may demand separate creations for America and Australia, we can point to the winds and the waves, and tell him without controversy, " All men are brethren."

Surrounded by the appliances of modern navigation, we are but incompetent judges either of the courage of Columbus, or of the dangers that he dared. The barks in which he ventured across the trackless deep were little better than river barges, and his trembling crews looked to him alone for skill, encouragement, and pilotage. They rejoiced in nothing so much as contrary winds, in that they were thereby hindered from placing greater distance between themselves and Spain, and dreaded nothing more than their arrival at what they imagined to be the desert sandy-edge, or precipitous rocky-rim of the ocean,—the world's end. But Columbus was born to succeed: and though royal jealousy stripped him of power and wealth, and envy has been fierce against his fame, with more justice than an Ennius he may boast Volito vivu' per ora virûm; with more truth than regarded a Voltaire, his self-made epitaph should run, " Mon esprit est partout," and the New World for a memorial, " Mon cœur est ici."

RAFFAELLE.

Ho!—thou that hither com'st, in gorgeous stole
Of many-coloured silk,—and round thy head
The rainbow hues of fancy richly shed,—
And eyes that in ecstatic transport roll,—
And looks that speak the triumph of the soul,—
Hail, young creative spirit! from whose mind
Teeming tumultuously with thoughts and things,
(The flitting notion with strong power combin'd
Of fixing all those grand imaginings,)
An intellectual world of wonder springs:
Raffaelle, thine all too perishable art
Fades from the time-stain'd walls; but not so fade
Our memories of thy skill;—those laurels start
Afresh for ever: walk thou in their shade.

To Raffaelle Sanzio, of Urbino, is usually conceded the palm among painters. He was well brought up to his art under various masters, owing to the judicious discernment of his abilities by his father, John Sanzio. His chief works consist of numerous frescoes of subjects scriptural and allegorical which decorate the stanzas of the Vatican, many inimitable portraits of Madonnas, saints, and celebrated characters, (amongst whom are conspicuous the unhappy Beatrice Cenci, and the lovely Fornarina,) the "Transfiguration," which, though unfinished is accounted the great masterpiece of painting, and those splendid patterns for tapestry, known as the Cartoons, the major part of which are now at Hampton Court. In fact, so numberless are the works attributed to this artist, that when we consider the few years he laboured, and the multiplicity of his other engagements, we shall see reason to conclude, that many of them were executed by his talented Roman school of pupils: for example, there exist severally, in Florence, Vienna, Darmstadt, Paris, and London, counterpart pictures of a St. John in the desert; and they are all so excellent, and so similar, that no one of them has yet been decided

to be the original, although it is certain that one must be entitled to that honour.

Raffaelle was an architect, and a sculptor, as well as a painter: many parts of St. Peter's, the Caffarelli Palace, and other fine buildings at Rome, were erected from his designs and under his superintendence, and in one of the churches there is still shown a Jonah said to be the work of his chisel.

In person, Raffaelle had a most winning beauty, and his character was consistent with so angelic an exterior.—He died in 1520, aged only thirty-seven, and was buried with extraordinary splendour: his life was one scene of incessant triumph, and his death was honoured with imperial obsequies.

The subject of painting is a theme that might extend to volumes. Here, however, we must limit ourselves to the meagre allowance of one remark. There is an infinite difference between the merely mechanical art of imitating objects presented to the eye, and the intellectual power of embodying pictures conceived by the mind; between the Chinese accuracy of a good copier, and the vague strength of a great designer: shall we instance Rembrandt, Reynolds, and Bonnington, as opposed to the 'politus ad unguem' school of many of the Dutch and Flemish masters?—allusions to living names should always be avoided, or it would be possible to give some remarkable illustrations of this distinction: the power of forming grand ideal scenes appears to have been

a more common attribute of the ancient schools, than it is (with some splendid exceptions,) of the modern; and the laborious study of a "pattern biscuit,"—verbum sapienti,—is certainly not quite so characteristic of prolific and exalted genius, as the original design for the famous Madonna and child, which was sketched by Raffaelle in the public street on the head of a wine-tub. A good marine painter is almost necessarily more a man of mind, than the servile imitator of still life; flowers, fruits, lay figures, and models of interiors can wait till every line has been copied, but a storm at sea must be transferred to canvas from the strong efforts of memory or imagination. In like manner, the well-known rapidity of Raffaelle furnishes an additional proof of his high genius: his habit was, to compose the whole subject in his mind at once, and then to strike off bodily the harmonious design. What an intellect must that have been, which could conceive at a heat such complicated scenes as the Disputa, or the School of Athens: how great the artistic skill that could give tangible being to such powerful conceptions!

BAYARD.

THE clarion sounds,—the steeds impatient prance
While featly spurring to the mimic fray
The high-born chivalry of gallant France
Poise the stout shield, and break the quivering lance;—
—And who this beardless champion of to-day?
The young Bayard; than whom no brighter name
Shines in more blazon on the rolls of fame,
The fearless, and the spotless,—nobly hailed,
All honour to the brave!—Alone he stood
With single sword against the multitude
At Gargliano; and when fortune failed,
Generous Bayard alone knew not to yield,—
But full of glories,—gentle, brave, and good,
He died in pray'r, though on the battle-field.

We are grown too regardless of high honour, delicate courtesy, and the right gallantry of a chivalrous spirit, we have drank too deeply the freezing waters of materialism, seriously to contemplate with rational approbation such a character as Bayard. Napoleon was not far from the truth, when he stigmatized us, as a nation of shopkeepers: for all things, even matters mental, are valued at the auction-estimate of what they will fetch, and Hudibras's notion of oaths and honour has lost the humour of its irony by having grown fashionable. Still, there are among us a noble band, that have not succumbed to the modern Baal, and with these a very brief mention of the virtues that distinguished "le bon chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche," will serve to dispel prejudice against the model of soldiership, and mirror of honour.

The Rev. G. Gleig, ever shrewd and tolerant, in vol. ii. p. 42 of his entertaining visit to Germany, observes, "Let us not, even when standing in the dungeon of a baron's hold, come to the conclusion, that what we call the dark ages were ages of unmitigated wrong. They might produce their tyrants and oppressors, whose power, in proportion as it was resistless, would spread misery around; but

they produced also their vindicators of the oppressed; their Bayards and Lancelots, of whose spirit of candour, and fair and open and honourable dealing, it might be well if this our intellectual and utilitarian age had inherited even a portion."—Pierre de Bayard is said by his biographers, especially Godefroy and Brantome, to have been "a tender lover, a firm friend; in privacy simple and pious, in public magnanimous, modest, and noble;"—ever the soul of honour, the heart of humanity; more than Ney, le plus brave des braves, and not less than Sidney, the paragon of knighthood. Though highborn and highbred, in his own time of a fame greater than that of princes, and of an influence more than that of ministers, he never accepted office or dignity beyond that of being a simple chevalier; he was no courtier; so fearlessly honest, as to tell the truth sans peur, so blamelessly bold, as to do the right sans reproche. For military exploits, at thirteen he was an accomplished horseman, at eighteen, won the prize of the tournament against the flower of France's chivalry, at nineteen took a standard on the field of Verona: in the battle of Milan, he pursued the enemy with such desperate bravery that he, a second Coriolanus, was shut in with the fugitives, alone among his foes; and on that occasion, Ludovico Sforza, who took him prisoner, generously dismissed him without ransom, and returned him his arms, and his horse: in the battle of Fornovo he had two horses killed under him; was dangerously wounded at Brescia, where he

proved himself as magnanimous as he was brave by refusing a large ransom offered him by a Spanish captive, to whose family the chevalier was under obligation: at the bridge of Gargliano, he fought literally single-handed for half an hour against two hundred Spaniards, and thereby covered the retreat of his own troops, while he emulated Horatius Cocles in the exploit: after the battle of Marignano, Francis the First, astonished at the deeds of Bayard, insisted on receiving knighthood at his hand, and at Meziéres with only a thousand men the chevalier successfully resisted thirty-five thousand. To conclude, he died as he had lived, fulfilling the eulogy of Solon on the happy man; full of honours, on the battle-field where his ancestors for many generations had bled before him, with his face to the coming foe who humanely pitched a tent over the wounded hero, he "commended his soul to God, his life to his country," and so, like a soldier and a Christian, died Bayard.

LUTHER.

COULDST thou look down upon us from thy rest,
Where'er thy spirit hath its glorious home,
And note that persecuting horn of Rome
Waxing in subtle pow'r and pride unblest,
How would thy zeal flame out, thou second Paul:
Thy spurious children, who should still protest
Against a church apostate and impure
Now bid her prosper, and insanely call
The pampering of priestcraft, liberal!
Liberal,—to help in forging more secure
Chains for the conscience, fetters for the mind;
Liberal,—to quench our light in utter dark!
But prophecy hath told it: search and find:
Curséd is he that shall receive the mark.

No sign of our times is in a national point of view more fearful than the resurrection of popery. The students of Daniel and the Apocalypse have long looked for it, and now that it appears, entertain the most just apprehension of accompanying judgments; and the enlightened statesman, who is versed in the politics of the world, knows well that the influence of the papacy is one most blighting to a country. Not to look nearer our own shores, witness the contrast afforded respectively by the Protestant and Popish cantons of Switzerland. Other second causes are indeed in operation, but they emanate indirectly from one root: and the disciple of Luther, whose school is not yet quite empty, still learns to look for the vengeance of Almighty God upon presumption and idolatry.

Luther is a 'second Paul,' not merely in character and conduct, but more remarkably perhaps from the mode of his conversion. It happened to him while yet a youth, at Erfurt, (about A. D. 1500,) that in the course of a country walk with a friend, a thunderstorm came on, and a flash of lightning struck Luther senseless: his companion was killed at his side; and the circumstance made a religious impression upon "the other that was left," never afterwards to be effaced.

The life of this most eminent servant of God, who, in his single person carried on for years the conflict of truth, is too replete with important incident to be briefly condensed in this place. It is a matter of Christian education, if not of Protestant duty, to peruse it in full; and very few of those, who, for their own advantage, are here called upon to do so, can have to urge a lack of opportunity: every manual of biography includes a life of Luther, at a far greater length than is here expedient. Suffice it to say, that but for the miner's son, who unassisted, save by Heaven, in the true spirit of an apostle, before kings and rulers preached truth to a world drowned in error, but for him, who alone braved the vengeance of the mighty, and demolished the bulwarks of ignorance, but for his zeal, talents, energy, and wisdom, but for Martin Luther (under Providence,) England might still be groaning under spiritual tyranny, the dependent province of a foreign despot, filed with the agents of the murderous inquisition, and in every feature, social and private, covered with the plague-spots of Popery.

JANE GREY.

So young, so fair, so simple, so deceived !—
For all thy learning could not teach thee guile,
Nor warn thee from that base domestic wile
Which coil'd thee like a serpent, and bereaved
Thy heart of life, of loyal praise thy name,
Posterity *is* just; and from the blame
Of stealing for thyself another's crown
And playing false in hot ambition's game
Declares thee innocent: that little week
Of splendour forced and fear'd, so soon laid down,
Cost thee most bitter wages;—yet most sweet,
If prison-haunting wisdom bade thee seek
This heav'nly crown, for thy fair brow so meet,
This higher majesty my song would greet.

It is possible, that a misdirected zeal for religion, and not mere worldly ambition, actuated Suffolk and Northumberland in their well-known attempt to set up Jane as Protestant Queen, in opposition to the Papist Mary. It was at their instigation that Edward the Sixth on his death-bed, doubtless in fear for the prospects of his kingdom, signed the new deed of succession, and they, in conjunction with the king's privy council, after a few days' concealment of the demise of the crown, on the 9th of July, 1553, proclaimed "Jane, the Quene." But the zeal, or ambition, of the two dukes was all in vain, as those must ever find, who do evil to compass good; nine brief days of a sovereignty within the Tower-walls was all their harvest of Protestant ascendency, all their gain of selfish aggrandizement, and those who committed treason against legitimacy perished on the scaffold, even in the life-time of Jane and Guilford Dudley, their innocent and misguided victims.

We have sufficient evidence that the fatal crown was forced most unwillingly upon Lady Jane Grey, from her last pathetic letter to her father,—"Washing my hands with the innocence of my fact, my guiltless bloud shall cry before the Lord, Mercie to the innocent! and yet though I must needs acknow-

ledge, that being constrayned, and (as you know well enough) continually assayed; yet, in taking upon mee, I seemed to consent, and therein grievously offended the quene and her lawes;" and again, in her speech on the scaffold, "I consented to the thing I was enforced unto, constraint making the law believe I did that which I never understood;" again, "If my fault deserved punishment, my youth at least, and my imprudence, were worthy of excuse. God and posterity will show me favour."

In fine, the king commanded, a father enjoined, a near of kin persuaded, and the whole privy council of nobles, lawyers, and hierarchs, counselled and sanctioned her assumption of the crown: and however futile her right to the throne in a question of hereditary succession, however criminal was her gentle usurpation, still mankind has always cried shame on the tyranny which spared not a fair girl of seventeen, but committed her to the scaffold, more for heresy than treason, by the hands of her bigoted and cruel relative, Queen Mary.

The accomplishments and truly Christian virtues of Jane Grey, are well known: we are told by Strype, Chaloner, Ascham, Fuller, and others, that she could speak Latin and Greek fluently; was well versed in Hebrew, Chaldee, Arabic, French, and Italian; and was familiar with instrumental music, and other usual feminine accomplishments: that she had the innocency of childhood, the beauty of youth, the birth of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint,

and the death of a malefactor for her parent's offences. Aristotle's praise of women was said to have been perfected in her; and her writings when in prison prove her to have added the resignation of a martyr, and the constancy of a heroine, to the faith and "duty of a Christian."

SHAKSPEARE.

Who shall appraise Potosi's hidden mines,
Or measure Oronooko's gushing springs,
Or in a balance weigh the Apennines,
Fathom the deep, or span the polar rings?—
And who can sum thy wealth, exhaustless mind,
Or scale the heights of its imaginings
Where giant thoughts with beauteous fancies twin'd,
Stand wondrous, as the heaven-kissing hills?
Thy theme is Man: the universal heart
In sympathy with thee dissolves or thrills,
While the strong spells of nature leagued with art
Bind the world captive in a magic chain:
Thy peer is not yet born; our hope is vain,—
We may not look upon thy like again.

It were a work of supererogation to preach to Englishmen on the text, William Shakspeare. Yet, be it only for the sake of uniformity, something is expected to be said, although unqualified praises pall upon the wearied spirit. Much of Shakspeare's hidden excellence, to be rightly appreciated, demands more than a superficial perusal; his innate knowledge of morals and humanity is incalculable: as an obitèr example, let the attention be directed to the deep philosophy of that scene in the Tempest, where the savage, the drunkard, and the fool are found mingled up in a fraternal friendship, and where the blind sincerity of an untaught Caliban worships for wine the knavish hypocrisy of a drunken Stephano; a rare commentary on the degrading influence of social vices and follies, and on the true character of Gentile idolatry. There is more than mere amusement in these things. Take again the contrast afforded in the different appreciations of the terrors of death by the humorous grave-digger, hardened only by habit, and the contemplative prince, softened by misfortune; between the merry but unfeeling "A mad rogue! 'a poured a flagon o' Rhenish on my head once,"—and the true pathos of "Alas! poor Yorick." An hundred other instances will readily occur to the habitual student of

our great dramatist: the writer, "parcus theatri cultor et infrequens," labours under the disadvantage of knowing more of Shakspeare in the closet than on the stage; and an intelligent actor or spectator will find himself probably more able to sound the depths of Shakspeare than a mere private reader; the illusion of the scene and clever byeplay stand in more stead than book-learning, in order to comprehend the heart of 'Fancy's child.'

One is apprehensive of saying any thing about an author, on whom so much has been written, for fear of stumbling unawares on the remark of some other scribe, and so falling into the hands of the Philistines, on a charge of plagiarism; (indeed this remark is of almost universal application:) otherwise, we might hazard a mention of the great inequalities of Shakspeare,—nihil unquam sic dispar sibi; nay, of his occasional mediocrity,—Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus: we might also burst out into ecstatic praise of passages in which he has mastered passion, and exhausted poetry. But these things have been done so often, that the reader will be thankful to be left alone with his Shakspearian meditations.

CERVANTES.

If to have been wise Europe's pioneer
To truth, and sense, and better aims of life,—
If by thy satire's keen and caustic knife
To have had Ercles' might to lop and sear
The stolid hydra-heads of errant strife,
If these be worth a passing grateful thought,
Take it, Cervantes; we have few like thee
Full of right-minded wit, that wounds not aught
But folly, with its cutting gaiety:
Thanks to thy prison, that its dullness wrought
A lasting humorous good; the crazy knight,
His shrewd rough squire, and those unheard-of deeds,
Whereat the schoolboy shouts with huge delight,
And the philosopher wonders as he reads.

The monstrous notion of knighterrantry was still flourishing in Spain, when Cervantes Saavedra published Don Quixote, A. D. 1608, in the sixtieth year of his age. This work, more than any other, as well from its intrinsic merits, as from its entire suitability to the genius of the people to whom it is addressed, redeemed from the follies of adventurous heroism the romantic Spaniards. Cervantes published also thirty-eight dramas, many poems, and fourteen short novels, second only to Boccacio's, but all his genius could not raise his condition above its original poverty. He was never out of want, though he saw the various fates of a brave soldier, a successful dramatist, a secluded poet, an Algerine slave, and a writer famous throughout Europe: for lack of occupation, rather than hope of gain, he composed Don Quixote in a debtors' prison at Seville, reaped from it no advantage, was persecuted for his good fame, lived a humble dependent on a patron, the Comte de Lemos, dropped out of life unobserved, and was buried at Madrid in his sixty-eighth year, without the least mark of respect, and reposes there even now unhonoured by a common tombstone to his memory. Like Chatterton he lived most poor, like Bunyan, and Raleigh, wrote as a captive, like Ot-

way died destitute, and like Butler, (till forty years after death,—when Alderman Barber furnished the monument in Westminster Abbey,)—was thrown into the earth without the common Hic jacet. Such is the fortune of genius.

It would seem indeed that Schiller's poem on the partition of the earth is little short of being seriously true, for even when such a master-hand as that of "the wizard of the North" has had power to turn all it touched into gold, and has reaped the well-earned harvest of affluence, misfortune sweeps away the temporal treasure and leaves the poet bare. It would seem that, with far too even-handed justice, the world is content enough to give the wages of renown for the labours of intellect, repaying the pleasure which it experiences from a Scott, a Burns, or a Cervantes, with the pleasure it communicates by fame and approbation. The man whose writings have enlarged the mind, gladdened the heart, and cheered the day of sorrow, as only known spiritually, is apportioned a spiritual sustenance. Alexander, who never slept without a copy of Homer under his pillow, might have grudged an obolus to the mendicant bard; and the great nation, which owes the major part of its literary glories to Miguel de Cervantes, in death, as in life, have rewarded him with nothing but his fame.

HARVEY.

THE life which is the blood: O heedless men,
How often unbelieving have ye heard
The side-dropp'd hints, that strew the written Word:
The fountain-heart, that pours the stream of life;
The circling wheel that sends it back agen
By vessels manifold; ye might have learned
From the fool's scorn, a guide that never err'd,
Without the clumsier aid of scalpel-knife,
These truths for ages, had ye but discerned
The book of God with natural wisdom rife:
Still, Harvey, be thy patient genius praised,
The shrewdness of thy well-digested plan,
Whose hand the strangely-woven curtain raised
That veil the mysteries of life from man.

Bishop Butler, in the Analogy, (memoritér laudo,) says, " if ever new discoveries are made, they will be made by men of talent following up obscure hints derived from some other quarter than the suggestion of their own minds." In fact, it is open to demonstration, that all truth of all kinds has originated from the mind of the Supreme Being, and has come down to us either by written or traditionary revelation. It is man's prerogative to improve, but he cannot create : the phrase invention is much more accurate than that of originality. These remarks are in some small degree illustrative of the fact, strange but true, that notwithstanding the distinct assertions of the vitality of the blood contained in the writings of Moses—Genesis, ix. 4, and the parallel passages—" Flesh with the life thereof, which is the blood thereof, shall ye not eat,—" and the just images in which Solomon has riddled the circulation of the blood in Ecclesiastes, (see also the sonnet to Hippocrates, p. 109 ante,) for even thousands of years these truths have remained unknown. It was not until the time of Harvey in the seventeenth, and Hunter in the eighteenth centuries, that physical demonstrations induced men to conceive themselves authorized to believe the Bible on these

points. The questions of geology and other sciences will no doubt prove to be strictly analogous.

The book of Job, for example, is full of natural philosophy: refer to ch. xxvi. 7, "He stretcheth out the north over the empty space, and hangeth the earth upon nothing;" where a deep mind will discern an intimation of magnetism: also ch. xxxviii. vv. 25, 26, where, as in many similar passages, there is a hint of electricity: and many others. Also in Gen. i. 7, we are told of a circumfluence of waters above the firmament, a circumstance antecedently probable; and in several places, of central fire, and (compared with Gen. vii. 11,) of superincumbent compressed waters,—which would reconcile both the Vulcanian and Neptunian theories, (the ancient ecpyroses and cataclysms of the Stoics, adopted in the theories of Hutton, Werner, Lamarck and others,) which may readily coexist. Astronomy and cosmogony are often alluded to, and nothing has been yet discovered which is inconsistent with the Pentateuch and book of Job. The above are merely passing instances of the natural philosophy of the Scriptures, and are of the "deep things," which the scoffing mind will never arrive at. To faith alone are they addressed: and a teachable mind will see more in them than meets the eye.

The plan of Harvey alluded to in the sonnet, was to dissect and lay out flat upon a board the principal vessels of the body, by means of which he arrived at the fact that the stream of existence moves in a circle.

The College of Physicians in London still possesses some of these tablets, illustrative of life, which are the works of Harvey, who, among his many other merits, deserves, as well for liberality as for talent, to be accounted the father of that learned institution. He built for the College a combination-room, a museum, and a library, and justly accounting that a legacy is no gift, made over to it in his lifetime the whole of his paternal estate. It is right to add that Harvey had no children, and that he wronged no one by that act of generosity.

EVELYN.

Wootton, fair Wootton, thine ancestral Hall,
Thy green fresh meadows, cours'd by ductile streams,
That ripple joyous in the noonday beams.
Leaping adown the frequent waterfall,
Thy princely forest, and calm-slumbering lake
Are hallowed spots and classic precincts all;
For in thy terraced walks, and beechen grove
The gentle generous Evelyn wont to rove,
Peace-lover, who of Nature's garden spake
From cedars to the hyssop on the wall:
O righteous spirit, fall'n on evil times,
Thy loyal zeal, and learned piety
Blest all around thee, wept thy country's crimes,
And taught the world how Christians live and die.

A more admirable character than that of John Evelyn is not readily to be met with. Religion, patriotism and universal benevolence were the Lares and Penates of his home. Born and bred in an age hypocritical or enthusiastic, Evelyn preserved the quiet tenor of his way as a pious and persecuted Churchman: a devoted royalist, he inveighed with indignant grief against "the execrable villains who murdered our excellent king;" he resisted taking the oath of allegiance to Cromwell at the hazard of his life; his peaceful rustic works, especially the Sylva, have been of such infinite advantage to his country, that D'Israeli does not scruple to say, "Inquire at the Admiralty how the fleets of Nelson have been constructed, and they can tell you that it was with the oaks planted by the genius of Evelyn:" though sorely tried by the loss of seven fair children out of eight, two of whom were prodigies of excellence and precocious learning, his Diary proves him to have conquered his griefs, and bowed in humble confidence to the merciful will of his Creator: he lived consistent, respected and beloved, and went to the reward of a faithful servant of God at the advanced age of eighty-six.

The moral of his epitaph is worth recording, from

its truth; "All is vanity which is not honest, and there is no solid wisdom but in true piety." He lies buried at Wootton in Surrey, a beautiful spot, which had long been the seat of his ancestors.

In allusion to the "hyssop," it is proper to mention that Evelyn condescended to a 'Discourse on Salads,' after his great works Sylva, Pomona, and the Kalendarium.

The most cursory record of Evelyn's worth ought to include a brief notice of Mrs. Evelyn, one of the most admirable of women, "the queen of marriage, a most perfect wife." Throughout the fearful social and domestic trials of public anarchy, bloody revolution, general pestilence, and the prevalent fatality of smallpox in her own family circle, she was never seen otherwise than courageous, resigned, pious, high-minded, and gentle: and such being the qualities of her mind, the accidents of her earthly state included beauty, wit, wealth, rank, and learning. How fair a crown to the honours of a husband, who "sat among the elders of the land:" how rich "a treasure above rubies," to him who could truly "call her blessed."

MILTON.

O LIGHT, denied to him, that thou art mine!
O blessed Sun, that I can joy in thee!
To praise the Love,—alas so lost on me,—
How gladly should I pour the hymn divine:
Yet all unlike this glorious blind old man
Mine inward eyes with no such radiance shine;
How seldom in that better sun I bask
How fainly would I, yet how faintly can:
Great Giver, might I unpresumptuous ask
Into my heart thy love its light to pour,
Take all instead thy righteous mercy wilt;
Not so, for Thou art God: give this, give more,
The richest glory to the poorest guilt,
So with thy Milton shall my soul adore.

There is little need to inform the reader of the calamity under which Milton laboured; a calamity to which, by way of vicarious retribution, the world owes so deep a debt of poetry. But dreadful as blindness may be, and however "dear be the light that visits" the glad eyes, it must be accounted no slender compensation, and worth at least one of the twain, to have been the author of that splendid invocation to light and those touching allusions to blindness, which open the third book of Paradise Lost. At least, if Scaliger in an ecstacy of admiration for two odes of Horace, (the 'Donec gratus eram tibi,' and the 'Quem tu Melpomene, semel,') declares he would rather have written them, than have been a mighty monarch,—"vel totius Tarraconensis rex," the enthusiasm of Britons for their Milton may be well excused.

Our immortal poet, who divides the homage of the world with few compeers, and perhaps in sublimity of imagination and general vigour of mind is second to no man, developed the resources of his genius in very early youth. His classical reading and universal knowledge are everywhere apparent, and many of those Latin poems, which were his tasks at school, deserve to take rank beside the elegiacs of Ovid or

Tibullus. The "Comus," and the "Lycidas," were, however, the first great triumphs of Milton's poetry, and these with his minor works would have been enough for fame: at least, Gray occupies a niche in the temple of immortality on claims much less beautiful and voluminous; at twenty-five, and fifty-five respectively, each had to show to the world a cabinet of gems, few indeed, but of the first water. But Milton was destined for so much more, that, in comparison, nothing was then achieved; he had but just seen the outer court of that house of praise which men were to build to his memory. For years, vext by political intrigue, domestic discords, and the ungrateful labours of the school-room, his poetical powers seemed to be dormant, or the great light within him was evidenced only by casual scintillations. But the finger of misfortune then came on him for good; to broken health, disappointed hopes, and shattered spirits, was added at a stroke the calamity of blindness: and thus forced into necessary retirement and contemplation, his mind began to imagine and create new worlds to repay itself for that which his outward eye had lost. So, in the sear autumn of his life, the most wonderful work ever composed by man rose unpremeditated to the dictating tongue of Milton, even as his own descriptions of supernal and infernal architecture, which framed itself complete in sublime and dreamy grandeur. Unlike other poets, whose excellence is often attributable to the "nine years' laying by," and the continual labour of the file,

Milton, in more than a seeming inspiration, would recite for many hours together to those three fair amanuenses, whose filial care has so obliged mankind. At a heat, a panoplied Minerva from the head of Jove, the Paradise Lost sprung in wondrous labour from his brain; and it stands, with nothing to add, and nothing to take away, a miracle of thought, knowledge, and invention.

Respect alone for a character so illustrious,—and not a mean desire to conceal the fact, nor yet the wholesome dread of a gigantic opponent,—induces us to draw a veil over some of the principles of even so great and good a man as Milton. That he has abetted regicides, strengthened the hands of evil, and caused the enemies of order to blaspheme,—for these, fearlessly, we praise him not; and if an uncandid and misnamed liberality, refusing to others its own boasted privilege of private judgment, generously think fit to ridicule our weak and puny censure, all we shall have to regret is—our feeble advocacy of so strong a cause.

IZAAK WALTON.

By guiltless guile the spotted trout to snare,
In idlesse all unblamed to while away
With contemplation sweet the sunny day,
To stroll in morning's dewy freshness where
The stream invited, and grey-mantled sky,
And so with buoyant float, or mimic fly,
To win the sinless triumphs of thine art,—
These were thy simple pastimes, kind old man,
These are thy fame: yet would I praise thee more
For the rich treasure of a childlike heart
That longs to compass all the good it can,
Tender and self-forgetful, gushing o'er
With cheerful thoughts and generous feelings when
Loving thou yearnest on thy fellow-men.

It would be very unjust to account of honest Izaak as a mere angler. He is far higher to be considered as a fisher of men. The "quiet study" of his gentle craft is but one phase of a happy, contented, and contemplative mind; and no one can read his charming book on Angling,—(we must waive those necessary cruelties common to man as a predatory animal,)—without being more humanized, nay, more Christianized by the perusal. To the beautiful biographies written by Walton of Donne, Wootton, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson, the same remark will apply with double force; for their style is equally simple and graphic, while the character of the subjects enable their author to rise to high and holy themes.

The witty sarcasm of Johnson in his ill-deserved definition of angling has often been repeated, but the libel should be silenced for ever, now that the sportsman of the streams can number among his brethren not Walton only, the patriarch of amiability, nor Cotton his right-minded disciple, but also the exemplary Paley, the late eminent Dr. Babington, and that giant of science, Sir Humphrey Davey.—

Angling is an art of the remotest antiquity, and one universally distributed: the light and taper Us-

tonson or Chevalier, with its almost invisible line, well-bent Kirby, and other "its assigns, very dear to fancy, very responsive to the touch, most delicate, and of very liberal conceit," has its prototype in the iron-wood paddle, strip of hide, and bone fish-hook of the savage New-Zealander, or emaciated dweller on the Columbia.

It would appear as if the intellects of fishes themselves were sharpened by approximation with civilized man, for assuredly, in our seas, but few of the finny people would be entrapped by such clumsy devices. Walton's quiet shrewdness, and Cotton's expert activity, whether by float or fly, would be wasted on those dullards of the Oahoorage, and the perch of the Lea, or grayling of the Dove would scorn the little skill of united Polynesia.

With respect to the high antiquity of this universal craft, which the genius of the draper of Cornhill has made his airy mausoleum, we read in the book of Job, xli. 1, of the capture of the crocodile by angling, "Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook, or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down?" and whether Moses, or Ayoub himself be the author, the date of that book cannot be later than that of the Pentateuch; in fact, it is the most ancient, as it is the most sublime, of all extant compositions. In Isaiah we find similar allusions, although probably ch. xxxvii. 29, "the hook in thy nose, and bridle in thy lips," which is capable in the original of another meaning, has reference to the

Eastern mode of harnessing oxen. In Matthew, xvii. 27, we find, "Cast a hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up:" Horace tells us, "occultum decurrit piscis ad hamum;" and we somewhere read of a Roman emperor,—a Tiberius, a Domitian, or a Heliogabalus,—who, not satisfied with chance successes in his favourite sport, was accustomed to employ expert divers to carry down and fix on his imperial tackle the huge tunnies which he delighted to land.

But a word of Walton, before we have done. There can be no doubt that, in his way, he was a literary genius: with few of the advantages of education, his works excite the admiration of the learned: he had the glory of raising his favourite pastime almost into a science, and has embalmed his holiday amusements in a classic. For biographical composition, his simplicity was well adapted; and in the happy selection of his subjects, Walton's natural charity had full scope for unqualified and unflattering praise. In his day,—a day which but for Herbert must be regarded "a day of small things," he was accounted a very fair poet; and he executed without discredit some fugitive commendatory pieces. But his highest eulogy is to be found in the habit of his mind, that cheerfulness which can accompany nothing but innocency of life, and patient hope of immortality. It is the fortune of Walton, as of Petrarch, to have become known to posterity chiefly for his lighter qualities; the Christian and the sage.

are forgotten in the angler, and the lover: a caricature is often more like than a soberly intended portrait: the world in general prefer amusement to instruction, and in our day especially a laughter-loving wisdom is the vogue; philosophy, with a merry face instead of wrinkles, no longer bearded, and laurelled, and in flowing robes, is content to cheat men into good by walking in the garb of folly; a pleasant invention, which may profit the thinking few, but full of danger to the heedless many. There is "a time to weep, and a time to laugh," but the latter is so much the more delightful, that it needs little encouragement. To a good mind, the follies and meannesses of society have more in them to pity than to ridicule. Although Heraclitus and Democritus, as opposite extremes, might be equally in error, yet the disciple of our Great Exemplar, (of whom we read that He wept, but,—in the letter to Abgarus,—that he was never seen to laugh,) will eschew indeed a cheerless ascetism, but for a habit, cannot do otherwise in sober wisdom than prefer the house of mourning to the house of feasting. A light heart has little in common with a light head: the leer of folly must not be mistaken for the cherub smile of innocence: the glad face of cheerfulness differs as much from the flashing eye of humour as steady sunshine from the sparks of a furnace.

ISAAC NEWTON.

When craft and ignorance with envious tongue
At that lone Florentine their malice hurl'd,
On thee his robe the parting prophet flung
And hail'd thy dawn to glorify the world
Like the young moon the clouds of night among
Modest, and solitary, shedding forth
O'er the broad universe truth's holy light:
Yet ev'n against the meekness of thy worth
Detraction's withering breath, and jealous spite
Shed, not all impotent, their cankering blight,
For care sat with thee at thy silent hearth,
O gentle child of wisdom, whose keen eye
Dissolv'd the sunbeam, pierc'd the depths of earth,
And read the unwritten charters of the sky.

Galileo of Florence died in the same year (1642) that gave birth to our great astronomer. Of the fate of Galileo it is unnecessary to say more than that the crooked policy of priestcraft, and the mental darkness of its benighted people, persecuted the discerner of truth even to bonds and imprisonment, and forced him to ransom life by the compromise of conscience. Although Newton lived in an age and country more enlightened, still even he, whose rare powers were combined with a modesty so real as to induce him to conceal his discoveries, was subjected throughout nearly the whole of a long and solitary life, to a species of moral martyrdom: the jealousy of Hooke, (himself no mean mathematician, and whom genuine worth should have taught a larger liberality,) with that of other factious rivals of less note, (whose names would have long ago been forgotten but that they have stuck like burrs on the royal garment of Newton's fame,) was to him long a cause pregnant with vexations. However, the sun has shone away the vapours, and the originality of Newton is now as little challenged as his depth, power, and general excellence: the invention of fluxions is no longer attributed to Geraldis Mer-

cator, and priority no longer allowed to the far more questionable claims of Robert Hooke.

Newton was eminently a lover of truth, for its own sake, and quite irrespective of ulterior advantages. It was enough for him to discover the treasure; like an antiquarian among his choicest coins, he cared neither to spend, nor to exhibit; possession, and perhaps exclusive possession, had engrossing charms for the too reserved, too modest philosopher. He never published, until he was forced into it, and so "dreaded the loss of his quiet, to run after the shadow of fame," that he often concealed his discoveries because he knew that his problems would meet with the censure of the envious, and that his originality would be disputed with more than Milesian effrontery.

He shrunk from every opponent from a love of peace and conceded his rights to every jealous claimant through fear of controversy. He seems to have been a Joseph among his brethren, a lamb among the wolves; and with the wisdom of the serpent to have united the harmlessness of the dove.

Immense as was the legacy of science which Newton left behind for the instruction of his fellows, the world cannot but most deeply regret, that so petty a cause as a lap-dog should have reduced in any measure,—(and how vast, none can tell,)—that rich and mighty heritage: "Oh, Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

—the seven years' labour of such a mind, at its ripest, its fullest, destroyed and irretrievably consumed in a few evil-omened seconds: how grievous a loss to the expectant world, how real a calamity to the mild rebuking sage, how rare a triumph to the exulting genii of ignorance, and malice!—Verily, unconscious Diamond, like thy namesake, the blood-bespotted card of Culloden, we must count thee for a curse: Science, as Scotland, hath rued thy being. It has even been said that the memory of so great a loss,—a loss to be estimated only by those who in some close bureau tremblingly keep the single record of their labours,—shook to its foundations the master mind of Newton. At least M. Biot gives this as a probable reason that for the last thirty-five years of a life devoted to science, the great philosopher produced little that was new or important. But modesty, discouragement, and the consciousness of having done so much, would appear causes amply sufficient for Newton in the noontide of his fame to have partially withdrawn from the arena of philosophy. He dreaded the needful disputations which a search after truth involves, and lulled the vigour of his mind too early, with "Datur hora quieti."

FENELON.

YET are there, ev'n in thee, polluted church,
A worthier chosen few to walk in white,
Some undefil'd, whom Grace hath taught to search,
And seen their humble toil, and sent them light:
For, like a meteor dropt upon the night,
Thy faith, good priest, thy pure religion, shone
Amid the moral darkness of thine age
Shedding soft lustre round: nor this alone,
But the sweet pictures of thy graphic page,
Young Telemacque, and that enchanted isle,
The false fair wanton, and mysterious sage,
How soothingly can these the soul beguile:
Nor only thus; a higher goal is won;
Thou lurest up to virtue with a smile.

In the present day, which boasts itself the very meridian of intellect, it is a wonderful fact that the Cerberus of popery, (the unclean beast that of a verity guards the doors of hell, if not of heaven,) should be again raising with applause its triple-crowned front. Popery, the system of intolerance and superstition, finds favour in an age of liberalism and infidelity! popery, the essence of which consists in the spiritual and temporal tyranny of one weak man, claiming to be irresponsible and infallible, this monstrous weed of the darkest ages, is flourishing in our cultivated soil, and strangely twining around the uncongenial thistles of republican opinion.—Is there not something of judicial blindness here? Are we not approaching the "prius dementat?"—

Without doubt, there are, and ever have been, many persons of truly Christian principles and practice in the communion of the church of Rome; it would be worse than illiberal, it would be false, to think or say the contrary:—but this, so far from serving that church as a boast, has necessarily happened in spite of her system. It is a fact, that she has uniformly persecuted her truly religious members,—Fenelon, Quesnel, and Blaise Pascal occur to the mind at once: and as for the people of God beyond

her pale, the world is red with their blood: bear witness, Turin, Berne, Madrid, Paris, London, and the mother of abominations, papal Rome.

It is a mere contradiction, however our modern sophists may argue the matter, to suppose that a man is liberal, and enlightened, while he can befriend a system built up of darkness, and intolerance. To hinder evil is to help good; and the foe to bigotry is the true liberal. But words have lost their just signification; the rebel is dubbed a patriot, and the churl said to be bountiful. According to the commentary of these latter days, it would appear we must marvellously alter that saying of old time, "The liberal man deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand:" out on such puerile tautology! and let modern politicians thus expound the text, —"The liberal pusheth his economy, beyond meanness, even to injustice; the liberal when he seeth traitors consenteth unto them, and hath been a partaker with the rebellious; the liberal grindeth the face of the poor, and grudgeth the widow's pension; the liberal cringeth unto lewd fellows of the baser sort, and lieth in the dust, while they trample on his neck; the liberal abetteth superstition; the liberal refuseth succour to the only system of religion which can make men free indeed; the liberal voteth abundance of money not his own to aid in upholding systems of acknowledged error, which degrade men's minds, and fetter their consciences; the liberal filcheth from the needy, to add more provision to

himself; the liberal taketh much account of the failings of the good, and lightly regardeth the felon and the murderer; the liberal sweareth unto his neighbour, and deceiveth him; the liberal despiseth honour, and rebuketh generosity: and so, by devising things most illiberal, most unjust, most besotted, most absurd, by extremities of meanness shall he stand."

And let us not hear in answer, that the name "liberal" has many senses, for its modern usurpers have ingeniously abused them all; in matters of mind, not less than in matters of money, in dealing with men's souls, as well as with their substance, the term, as now applied, is a misnomer: if men love and covet that noble epithet, let them so act as to deserve it, and not, for gross demerits, hear it in bitter irony; if they will be what they have been, let the bastard-children of liberality be named, according to their deeds, the Belial-sons of licence.

CZAR PETER.

Turn, wondrous shade of an immortal man,
And give my welcome favourable heed,
While my mute soul considers each bright deed
That gems thy crown, imperial artizan,
Whose patriot labour thy rude country freed
From Scythian darkness; for to thee, great prince,
Despite a Jezebel-sister's curséd plan
Of luring thee to pleasure's guilty ways,
Justly belongs the honourable praise
Of waking a barbarian world of slaves
To fame and power, that have not faded since:
Nobly the bronze colossus tells thy worth,
For he that blesses, helps, improves, and saves,
Is the true hero of this strife-torn earth.

The life of Peter the Great by Voltaire has made the leading facts of his life familiar to all. Before the reign of Peter, who was proclaimed czar in 1682, when only ten years of age, Russia was in a state of more than comparative barbarism. The early talents of the child, military and civil, were seen with suspicious jealousy by his half-sister Sophia, who most wickedly attempted to corrupt and enervate his masculine mind by surrounding him closely with the seductions of pleasure: an atrocious design, for which precedents were furnished in the treatment of the son of Dion by Dionysius, (as narrated by Cornelius Nepos, x. 4,) of the Earl of Warwick by Henry the Seventh, and, unless popular ideas be erroneous, an example has been lately shown to the world in the life and early death of the Duke of Reichstadt.

Peter was in many respects a type of true greatness: he could lay aside the ensigns of royalty, and toil as a common labourer in a dockyard; he could emulate Roman Brutus in sacrificing a traitorous son, Alexis, for the weal of Russia; he could imitate, at least for once, the noble Scipio, in giving up the object of his passion to another: he could listen to the wise counsels of an obscure foreigner, his

youthful Mentor, Le Fort; by almost single efforts he raised for his country a standing army; although born with a natural aversion to water, he not only conquered it in his own person, but covered the four seas with his navies; Petersburgh rose at his command; arts, sciences, religion, and laws prospered in his reign; and in one word, to him individually Russia owes her present proud station among the nations of the world. But with all this, it must not be overlooked that self-controul formed not one of Peter's excellencies; he acknowledged that it was easier to reform an empire, than to bridle the passions of his own heart; and in many respects he must appear in the light of a fierce barbarian, and a cruel despot.

The title Czar is commonly but falsely imagined to be that of Cæsar; for, however modern innovations of the coinage may countenance this error, it is certain that the word is more correctly Tsar, meaning prince, and nearly allied to Shah in Persian: in all probability the name was current among the Hyperboreans long anterior to the empire of the Cæsars.

It remains only to be explained, that the bronze statue of Peter on the famous granite rock at St. Petersburgh, represents the emperor stretching forth his hand in the act of blessing.

HANDEL.

AWAKE, my glory, and the world's delight!
Bring hither tabret, harp, and lute, and lyre,
And greet him with the whole angelic quire,
For Handel now from earth has wing'd his flight
A holy bard in chariot of fire,
To mingle with your band in garments bright.
Oh, with what harmony to hymn aright
Thy canzonet of praise, monarch of song,
So that its music may enchant the mind,
Like some sweet air, that might to thee belong,
Where holiness with melody combin'd,
Majestic thought in thrilling sound express'd,
Cheat of their sorrows thine indebted kind,
And soothe our souls with harpings of the Blest!

George Frederic Handel was the son of a physician at Halle, and was originally bred to the law. Providence however had destined him for better things, and although his parents, well aware of his early-developed genius, and fearful it might ruin his prospects, deprived him of all instruments of music, the world was not to be so rudely disappointed: the force of natural talent prevailed against all obstacles, than which none can be imagined more chilling or repulsive than home persecution, and indifference. The young musician hid a little clavicord in his garret, and played, often nearly all night long, when the rest of the house were asleep. It is a strange fact telling little for the shrewdness of parents, and one which most men in the course of their reading must have observed, that genius in all ages has first had to combat "the foes of his own household:" the private history of innumerable men of eminence opens, (doubtless from motives of interested though blind affection,) with the strong opposition of a parent.

The time would fail us, were we to dive into antiquity for instances of this extraordinary circumstance; sculptors, painters, poets, scholars, divines, heroes by land and by sea, rise before the mind in a

cloud of witnesses: not to be very multitudinous or discursive in examples, Socrates and Lucian were most painstaking statuaries: Boccacio was forced into a counting-house; Ben Jonson ran away from the brickkiln; Ariosto was for years a groaning martyr to the pandects; Boileau was so heartstricken by the pressure of uncongenial studies, that when he gave up the law and the church at the age of thirty, to follow the bent of his genius, he was accounted a " most dull blockhead;" of Chatterton it was said that he " never could learn anything;" Shakspeare in his day was considered a scapegrace, because he would not be a butcher; Ovid, Martial, and Silius Italicus, Corneille, Moliere, and Voltaire, all threw up their obligatory legal pursuits in disgust; Goldsmith, Smollett, and Crabbe made a like renunciation of medicine: Pope would have better pleased his friends had he turned linendraper, Solomon Gessner eloped from the shop, John Howard exchanged groceries for statistical philanthropy, and Stowe the antiquary was bred a tailor. From such an induction,—and it might be indefinitely extended,—what conclusion must we arrive at? a like reasoning has popularly placed the sons of geniuses in the category of imbeciles, but it would be an error to impute any thing to their fathers, beyond the blindness of prearranged ambition: it cannot be doubted that all the above men of note, and their like, had given frequent manifestations of their extraordinary talents from the nursery upwards,

quite sufficient to have induced their natural guardians to help them along that road to honour which special genius had opened to each: but the plan of life had been predetermined by a father; and providence upset the rash proposal of man:—l'homme propose, et Dieu dispose: or is human nature indeed so radically stubborn, that, like the fountains at Versailles, the mere pressure of opposition has caused men of mind to rush into eminence? perhaps after all, as the foolish bird in Gay's fable, "They ne'er had been in that condition, but for a parent's prohibition," and the children of heaven-born genius, may thus indirectly owe all things to their earthly stepfathers.

It would be most unfair were we to stop here, in this episodical discussion: there are, on the other hand, many names, neither few in number, nor inferior in talent, which have most directly been indebted for all their success, literary, or otherwise, to the careful training of their parents, or at least to the liberal education afforded by their bounty. Generally, where the biographer is silent, these advantages should be presupposed; and although perhaps, on an accurate calculation, the worse side of the question will for a time seem to have been the rule, still the exceptions are so numerous, as fairly to challenge its truth. Space forbids a per contra enumeration of instances which would include remarkably Pindar, Plato, Zeno, Raffaelle, and Tasso: and thousands of others from the foundation of the

world to our own day, might make a strong case in favour of parental shrewdness.

But to return, though only for a moment: with Handel, however hindered at first, musical talent was early encouraged, owing to the potent arguments of a German duke, who all but forced the father to indulge his son's propensity; and consequently, we are the richer by some pieces composed in actual childhood. The works of Handel, among which the Messiah may be well accounted his great masterpiece, occupy many volumes, and abound with the most exquisite symphonies, the most triumphant hymns, and with choruses that reach the true sublime.

The name of our thesis so naturally suggests Psalmody, that it is difficult to escape from so obvious a subject. After what has gone before, we can now however hazard but one observation. It is a great pity that in cases not infrequent so little judgment is shown in the matter of selecting hymns and psalms for congregational worship: take, as a fair example, Bishop Kenn's morning and evening hymns: their apt and good season of use is for an individual on his first awaking, and latest lying down: and yet how frequently is not "my *first* spring of thought and will" called upon to be filled with pious feelings at eleven o'clock in the day, how often do we not hear a congregation, invoking "and with sweet sleep mine eyelids close" just before the sermon of a three

o'clock service. No spiritualizing can clear up this absurdity. Many other such things there be, equally unwise; and as the smallest exercise of right judgment would set matters right, there is little excuse for the existence of evils which, though trifling in themselves, are often pernicious in their consequences on "those that are without."

If music be indeed an aid to religion, it ought to be more congregationally cultivated; at present, the charity-school in our towns, and the discordant orchestra in our villages, are the great and injurious monopolists of Psalmody. No cause, but lack of culture, operates to prevent the national ear of England from being as musical as that of Germany: and a well-directed attention in those who have authority over the church is alone requisite in order to convert what is now so often the dissonant exhibition of a few, into the harmonized devotion of the many.

WESLEY.

HENCE, ye profane: and thou, mine honest muse,
Banish the silly blush from thy false cheek,—
With liberal voice to Wesley's glory speak,
The holy man whom God was pleased to choose
His instrument; from one so good, so meek,
High honour to withhold, or to refuse
Were folly, if not sin; we hail thee then
Glad bearer of good tidings unto men,
Zealous and noble, worthy of the phrase
In which thy Lord, and our's, hath greeted thee,
Well done, thou faithful servant, thine be praise!
To think,—the cloisters thy pure feet have trod
Mine have trod too; grace grant it,—ev'n to me,
That like a Wesley I may walk with God.

The word Methodist signifies ‘ orderly,’ and was the name of a learned society at Rome: it was applied to the young Wesley when at Oxford, on account of his regular habits, and adopted by his followers in his honour. John Wesley, God's witness for the truth in an age more than commonly immoral, was born in 1703. He was educated,—as is alluded to in the concluding lines, at Charter-house and Christ Church. He is believed to have travelled 300,000 miles, and to have preached nearly 50,000 sermons in the cause of religion. It would be little short of ridiculous to insist upon any thing in praise of his character and conduct.

The followers of Wesley are commonly reported to dissent very little, if at all, in matters of religious truth from the Church of England. Surely the differences of a body so respectable, and so pious, might be arranged: a mother should not cast off her children, nor should children abjure their mother, for a matter of little moment: schism, however lightly regarded in these days of licence, is not so venial an error, that it can be committed with impunity for a slight cause. If the established Church, in times less enlightened and perhaps less religious, cast the Wesleyans from her, she ought now, like the rulers

of Philippi, " to go, and beseech them, and bring them in :" if, on the contrary, they cut themselves from the parent tree, it is their duty in conference to agree to a reconciliation, now that many causes of dissent have in the lapse of time worn away. No institution of man has ever been, nor can ever be, immaculate : but we may fairly challenge the world to frame a system more beneficent, more true, and with more of the elements of durability, than the National Church offers to us. Her adversaries owe to her all their good; and the evils superadded as the effects of schism have, in many cases if not all, far outweighed those which originally caused the separation. There is such a thing as mutual forbearance, without the slightest compromise of individual convictions : we ought by this time to be able to act upon this difference : let us be reconciled.

LINNÆUS.

FRESH Nature, gentle nurse, we run to thee
With all the love of childhood's innocent heart,
Hiding from those dull works and ways of art
Glad to escape their schooling, and be free;
O fairy landscape,—fields, and wooded hills,
Green valleys, mirrored lakes, and sunny rills,
Young flowers, and blushing fruits, and tufted groves,
How Eden-like a home of peace are ye
Peopled with angel-guests, and infant loves!—
So companied, and in a scene so sweet,
High summer's gorgeous tribute would we bring,
And lay them, priest of nature, at thy feet,
While their white bells the wedded lilies ring,
And kissing roses a Linnæus greet.

Botany has been pleasantly called the science whose paths are strewed with flowers; but truly with little reason, if we look to the methods in which teachers and professors have generally expounded it. To the student unacquainted with the dead languages, and such are most of the fair disciples of Flora, the aspect of this science must appear perfectly alarming; endless Anglo-Grecian words, conveying to such a pupil no idea beyond mystery, and only pleasing because cabalistic, choke the rosy path as with thorns and briars; the harshest sounds become, by mere force of abused memory, emblems of the most beautiful ideas; and the humblest weed goes forth fearfully invested with "apopetalous angiospermous dicotyledons!" Now, really, for English purposes, this is most absurd; how much better to adhere where we can to the fine old Saxon names, at once poetical, exact, and telling out the special uses which herb-craft has discovered among its simples; and whenever in the progress of knowledge, these fail us, to coin in plain English those "sesquipedalia verba," for the uses of popular instruction. We want in fact a well translated botanical treatise; and perhaps these remarks apply, though scarcely in equal degree, to Entomology, Geology, and most

other sciences. Let us write more for the education of our own people, and not be perpetually haunted with the catholicity of science.

The life of Linnæus, a Swede of the last century, offers few salient points to touch upon, beyond the great theme of the science which has immortalized his name. His system is full of the choicest poetry and truth; his primary groups are most imaginative personations, where boors and slaves jostle with kings and tetrarchs; and his discovery of the beautiful analogy preserved by nature in the plan of reproduction even among the minutest scions of the vegetable world, is perhaps the crowning effort of his genius.

It is an anecdote most creditable to the patriotic feelings of Linnæus, as well as worth mentioning to show how high was his European fame, that when the King of Spain invited him to preside over the college of Madrid, with a pension of two thousand pistoles, a patent of nobility, and the free exercise of his own religion, he declined the offer with fit acknowledgments, modestly saying, "If I have any merits, they are due to my own country." And Sweden was not ungrateful: when he died, after a life of distinguishing honours, at the age of seventy-one, a general mourning took place at Upsal, the whole university attended the funeral, medals were struck to commemorate his fame, and the king spoke mournfully of Sweden's loss, in a solemn speech from the throne.

JOHNSON.

Stern moralist, whose potent intellect
Flooded the world with all the Nile of truth,
Slave to no master, prisoner of no sect,
Albeit disease, and want, and harsh neglect
Were long the bitter portion of thy youth,
Thine Atlas mind stood firm beneath the weight,
Preaching the noble homily to men
That poverty hath uses real and great,
In quickening thought, urging the sluggish pen,
Claiming due labours of the listless brow,
Forcing its flowers of wit, and fruits of sense,
And for man's wonder, bidding grandly flow
The deluge of a Johnson's eloquence,
Like thundering Niagára, strong and slow.

The "sweet uses of adversity" find an illustrious example in Samuel Johnson. Truly, his "poverty and not his will" consented to those works which have so much enriched mankind: in him lack of energy was a real disease which nothing but necessity could cure. There is little occasion in this place to illustrate the fact by anecdotes, but perhaps it will be apposite to state that we owe Rasselas to the penniless piety of Johnson, who wrote it to defray the expences of his mother's funeral. His works are in every body's hands, and universally admitted to be, both for high principle and commanding talent, the first of our prose classics: his independence of mind is as well known as his often laborious poverty, and the unhappy 'evil' under which his body groaned

In the poetical language of the North American Indians, the word Niagára, (so pronounced, and not Niágara,) means "thunder-water;" a truly magnificent expression.

Johnson has given himself a character for that desultory kind of reading, which superficial judges in education are accustomed to condemn. He declared he had never read any book through except his Bible. His habit was to ramble from book to book, a bee among the flowers of literature, collect-

ing and condensing the excellence of them all, and hoarding in his mind their combined and various knowledge. Nor is it any wonder that so great a genius, whose length and breadth and depth and height are measureless every way by common intellects, should be so used per force. Like Newton in the school-class of mathematics, when as a boy he skimmed over the pages of Euclid, and took the whole in at a glance, Johnson was not to be stopped in the midst of his intuitive perceptions by the slow process of ordinary teachers: long before his author he had arrived at just conclusions, and often where from his own elaborating mind he could of the same materials have worked out richer substance, no one can wonder that he eschewed at once the tardy pace, and unsatisfying viaticum of the common class of books; and so by racing when his author would have walked, and digging where another would have sped, he gained, commendably discursive, the wealth of universal knowledge. To wade through the dull slough of a tedious work may be a proper system of instruction to punish idleness and to promote industry: but let not high genius, such as a Johnson's, be trammelled so unworthily, nor judged so harshly. Through desultory toil, he arrived at the deep things of truth, and might have written many books, of which he was accused that he had never read them: the Rambler had collected abundance of wisdom, and the Idler was high-priest in the temple of knowledge.

GALVANI.

THOU marvel, life, the indescribable!
Whether in spirit, seeming then concrete,
Perpetual motion, or pervading heat,
Or matters' subtlest web, thy might doth dwell,
How rare, how rank, how various is thy form!
Behold, thou lurkest in the fallow clod,
Climbest the fir, and grovellest with the worm,
Reignest in man, and ridest on the storm
Peopling far worlds,—how many who can tell?—
The simple universal breath of God:
We, darkling children, may not compass more
Than note thine influences, still the same
One cause, though Legion in effect and name,
And with Galvani gratefully adore.

It is a curious question, and open to much speculation and experiment, whether electricity, galvanism, magnetism, motion, light, and heat may not all be summed up in one syllable, Life. The connection of the three former with each other is now established beyond a doubt, by practical philosophers who have improved upon the original idea of Ritter, certainly the first discoverer of that interesting fact; he having by means of the galvanic pile charged a louis d'or with both positive and negative electricity, and by the same means magnetised a golden balanced needle. Perhaps, not long hence, the three influences will be found to be identical, or merely modifications of each other. It would not be difficult to show that motion, light, and heat are similarly connected both with each other, and with the one unseen fluid, although to speculate on such a point without experimenting is dangerous. Probably when all the six properties, or energies, are better known, the great secret, what is Life, will be near its revelation. But on these hidden things, it is becoming to throw out no more than a loose and humble hint.

There is a great deal to be done some day by the Christian philosopher in critical exposition of the

accuracy of casual allusions to scientific truth scattered in the scriptures, chiefly in Job and the Psalms. " He stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing;" " he sendeth forth lightnings with rain, bringing the wind out of his treasures;" " the water above the firmament," " the foundations of the great deep broken up," and many such passages, will, if closely examined be seen to contain more than meets the eye. It will be found that the Author of the inspired volume, though only incidentally touching upon other than moral truth, still is philosophically accurate in science, wherever it is alluded to. True, things are spoken of as they appear to ordinary men; as for example, even a Newton, or a Bacon, would not scruple to use the terms, sunrise and sunset, although well aware that the apparent motion is really that of the world round its axis: but still, beyond the surface, the diligent and keen enquirer will find much unsuspected knowledge. As a slight obiter instance, take Joshua commanding the sun to stand still: let the reflecting astronomer consider the hidden wisdom of the addition, " and thou, moon:" not that Joshua was aware of it, but that he was over-ruled to be accurate here; and that, probably because it is philosophically inaccurate to speak of the sun standing still; the fact being that the earth rested on its axis: but when we consider what a contradictory moral influence it would have had on the contending armies, if Joshua had bidden

the earth stand still, and behold, at such seeming presumption, the sun stands still, we shall perceive at once why the successor of Moses was commanded to say, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon," and to add, "and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon." But these hints of philosophy in scripture are deep things, and it is not he that runs who can read them: neither is the present writing so foreign to the subject as may seem, for galvanism, or whatever be its name, being a law of nature, may be perceived in more than one passage of the thirty-eighth chapter of Job, and elsewhere. But it is time to say a word on our specific thesis.

Lewis Galvani, of Bologna, was a distinguished physician of the last century, and will be known to the latest posterity by having associated his name with the secret of science he discovered. His private character was one of the most amiable and unexceptionable the history of our kind has produced: from earliest youth to the grave of a sexagenarian, true and undefiled religion, (albeit he was a Romanist,) was his rule of life and his support in death: he married the object of his constant affections, and bewailed her loss with unchanging sorrow: he lived useful, and toiled not vainly for a lasting fame: in those evil days for Europe, which succeeded the first French Revolution, he was strong in his abhorrence of republicanism, and, indeed, despite of years and honours, was in temporal things made a martyr by the bad men then

ruling the world, who stripped the aged philosopher of his dignities, and emoluments. Meanwhile, Justice, Humanity, Science, and Excellence, through the length and breadth of Europe, indignantly bewailed and loudly honoured the victim of Ignorance and Anarchy. And so, glorified as much by the censure of the wicked, as the praises of the good, Galvani died, on the 5th of November, 1798.

WASHINGTON.

How might a Briton bless thee without blame,—
Yet how deny thy worth his honest praise?—
Great, virtuous, modest, whose unspotted name
Is stamp'd in gold upon the rolls of fame,
Whose brow is circled by her brightest bays,—
Part of thy glory still let England claim,
Her foe she pardons, while she loves her son:
Into what times, what regions shall we roam
To find thy peer,—Leonidas in fight,
Pure Cincinnatus, meek retiring home,
Fabius the wise, or Cato the upright?—
Nature hath cull'd the best of Greece and Rome,
And moulding all their virtues into one,
Gave to her infant world a Washington.

It is proverbial, that we have most quarrels with our nearest, and are most jealous of our dearest: and certainly Britain and the United States, standing to each other in the relations of an aged mother and a child come to maturity, furnish national illustration of its truth. Still, on the whole, we kindly regard each other: the democratic spirit of our wayward offspring, even if so deeply rooted now as it was formerly, cannot quite burst the bonds of natural affection: such apples of discord as our own most feeble colonial policy has suffered to ripen on the bough, still need be gathered by neither, if both will but for a time forbear. Here indeed is a legitimate field for conciliation, where none threatens, and where all will agree to an amicable arrangement of differences: there are no claims on either side which need be accounted irreconcileable, no ἀνήκεστα κακά: and the question of a few leagues of territory is not one, which, all other causes being absent, ought to embroil two great nations in the horrors of war. America looks back with pride upon the past glories of Great Britain, which a better government might still restore, and we look forward with complacence to their reflection in our son. As for determinate enmity, the better majority

of Americans would no more rejoice in the ruin of Old England, than we should to hear that a mighty angel had unloosed the chains of the Atlantic, and commanded it to drown the fair cities of the West. In origin, language, religion, and the foundations of law we are one; and though the birthright was seized too soon, we can pardon the young heir's wantonness, although we rebuke it.

George Washington came of a family, which had settled in Virginia from England. Waiving altogether the question of the original justice of his cause, there can be but one opinion of his great qualities, and commanding talents. He was brave, patriotic, and discreet; of high principle and strict integrity; eminently a lover of domestic quiet, and striving for retirement, in the midst of a career which might have made weaker minds ambitious; "non sibi sed toti," was the rule of his life; he, if any one, well merited the "Pater patriæ" to be graven on his statue: he, if any one, was worthy of the golden praise, "First in peace, First in war, and First in the hearts of his countrymen."

The home government of Washington was eminently one not of force but of persuasion; like eastern shepherds, he did not drive, but lead: in fact, his authority extended over a country too young to be wisely ruled by strength of arm; the muscles of his power were infantile, and would have been weakened by a strain: yet with this habitual suaviter in modo, we find him on all

just occasions fortiter in re: his concessions were dignified, and his compulsions generous: he knew how to distinguish liberality from liberalism, and conciliation from cowardice. But in another hemisphere how diverse, yet in some apparent similarity, must run the tale: the nerves of a Hercules among nations are touched so tenderly that they become irritable; the government of a millenarian country so mildly insinuates its wishes, and so readily retracts them, that concession has long ago sunk into meanness, and moderation into pusillanimity: while by casual fits of misdirected obstinacy, ever the attribute of disappointed feebleness, the thunders of state are hurled against some friendless though not sinless poor, where they ought to have stricken the guiltier foreheads of the mighty. The lion is a culprit, and the mouse a victim. Humble asses, not prouder lords of the forest, are found to be the sacrilegious cause of plague, for having eaten churchyard thistles. "By precept and example too" the powerful, perhaps unconsciously, instil principles which strike at the roots of social order, and then marvel that their lessons are practised by scholars all too diligent. The would-be great, and the should-be wise rear a hopeful nursery, and then with parricidal hand turn against their own offspring. Truly, it is never too late to mend: but with amendment, confession from the lip, and repentance from the heart should ever walk companions,—yea, more,—that humility which takes "a lower place," and so

might yet some future day be urged to "go up higher:" and not, in lieu thereof, a still presuming self-confidence; a total change in manner of life, with unblushing vindication of the past; an anxious severity against deluded tools, and a delicate tenderness towards those who used them. The hand that fostered should not slay, for very shame. It is, to say the least, unseemly to discern in the convicting power a particeps criminis.

HOWARD.

GLORIOUS Apostle of Humanity,
Whose every thought was love to God and Man,
Whose every day sped one consistent plan
Of energiz'd benevolence,—to thee
O noblest of the Howards, would I bring
A young disciple's worship: tell it out,
Daughters of guilt, and sons of misery,
Poor prisoners, in a grateful chorus sing,
Felons, and common thieves, ye rabble rout
Of jail, or galley, vilest, meanest, worst,
Whom all but godlike Howard's pitying eye
Left to your desperate fate, as things accurst,
To greet your Friend in generous rapture shout,
And raise your pæan to his home on high.

To do justice to the claims of a character so illustrious as that of John Howard within our limits is scarcely possible. Panegyrists of his life, motives, and usefulness abound, and perhaps it will not be amiss to cull a few rays from one and another, and so to present the constellation with beams unshorn. Hear the eulogium of Jeremy Bentham, pronounced upon Howard in that philosopher's celebrated Panopticon: "In the scale of moral desert, the labours of the legislator and the writer are as far below his, as earth is below heaven. His was the truly Christian choice: the lot in which is to be found the least of that which selfish nature covets, and the most of what it shrinks from. His kingdom was of a better world: he died a martyr, after living an apostle."

The praises of Edmund Burke are in a strain neither less fervent nor less eloquent: "His labours and writings have done much to open the eyes and hearts of mankind. He has visited all Europe—not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples,—not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art,—not to collect medals or collate manuscripts,—but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the in-

fection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compass and collate the distresses of all men in all countries." How rare a tribute to exalted excellence! how beautiful an expansion of the saying of St. James, "True religion and undefiled is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world!"

Dr. Aikin hails Howard as "one of the most extraordinary characters of his age, and the leader in all plans of ameliorating the condition of the wretched:" and a pastoral friend, Mr. Palmer, in a funeral sermon says of him, "it was his meat and drink to make all around him happy:—but his kindness was not confined to the bodies of his fellow-creatures, it extended to their spiritual and immortal part:—in short he was a universal blessing—what wonder if such a man were universally beloved?"

Extracts of a similar character might be produced to any amount, but enough, it is conceived, has been already stated to prove how highly the virtues of Howard were estimated by his fellows. The history of his life is only to recount journeys of benevolence, undertaken solely with the view of comforting the distressed in every country of Europe, full of personal risks, pains, and privations, which it required

the patience of a Christian, and the courage of a hero to bear up against; labours of love, repaid indeed by a heavenly reward, but nevertheless acknowledged with unprecedented honours upon earth; before kings and princes, and even in the despotic realms of Austria and Russia, he boldly and successfully dared to plead the cause of "the poor prisoner;" reckless of dangers in the path of duty, he walked unharmed among the adders, and for many years no deadly thing harmed him; he deigned not to turn aside from the arrows of the pestilence, for he knew that he abode under the shadow of the Almighty: by the admiring rich as by the grateful poor he was beloved for a messenger of mercy upon earth, until it pleased God to cut him off, when full ripe in his noble career, at Cherson a new settlement on the Euxine, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

After his death, the statue, which his modesty had long refused while living, was erected to his memory in St. Paul's, but the better tribute to his useful labours is a recollected contrast between what he found prisons, and what he left them: before Howard's disinterested toils, they were nurseries of crime, hiding-places of oppression, hotbeds of disease; his efforts, long solitary, but since nobly seconded by female as well as male philanthropists, have gone far to make them schools for reformation, with the favourable adjuncts of cleanliness, health, industry, and order. In short, rightly to estimate these things, the fevered malefactor of a century

back should arise, and revisit his jail; and the likeness of Howard might be placed in every prison, with the simple and expressive motto, Qualis, circumspice!—For, like the admirable Titus, whose "Perdidi diem" the zealous philanthropist could never truly utter, he richly deserves to be called "amor, et deliciæ humani generis," the love, and the delight of the whole family of man.

KLOPSTOCK.

DWELL ye then round about us, cheering us
Alike in crowded haunts and solitude,
Warding from ill, and ministering good,
O bright and blessed Sabaoth,—is it thus?
Alas, what can we give of gratitude
To your pure essences, that, o'er us each
Hovering, delight to love and aid and teach
Poor prisoners in the flesh?—Yon sainted bard
Who sang Messiah, loved the happy thought,
Praying that for his angel guide and guard
The spirit of his Meta might be brought
E'en from the grave: O lover, didst thou err,
It were an error with such sweetness fraught
I too would ask an angel minister.

Cicero says of the immortality of the soul, that if it be an erroneous opinion, it is one so conducive to happiness, that he for one is content blindly to believe it. The question of the ministration of angels, the grounds of which are set on very strong foundations, is a similar case: and even if the scripture texts which seem to countenance the idea, can by possibility be explained otherwise, as referable merely to spiritual matters, or to another era of being, still one is glad, in an error of so happy and innocent a complexion, to walk in company with Socrates, Origen, Tertullian, Grotius, Andrews, Horne, Porteus, and Klopstock. With such suffrages, no one need be ashamed to confess his faith in the ministry of angels; truly with these "mallem errare." Of Friedrick Klopstock, whom Germany accounts her Milton, we know too little, owing chiefly to the mediocrity of our translation of his Messiah: the original work is a complete divine epic, and is written in hexameter verse. The death of his wife Margaret, whom he familiarly called Meta and Cidli, has given occasion to the poet to show his tenderness and religion in many beautiful pieces, and particularly in a series of letters to and from his "dear

espoused saint" after her decease: Elizabeth Rowe preceded him in this idea; but in Klopstock's case the charm consists in the reality of his grief, and the beautiful manner in which, happily self-deceived, he drew consolation from those holy communings.

The writer appends a free version of two pretty lyrics from the poet to his beloved wife, and feels bound in fairness to state that for the prose translation from the German he is indebted to another.

TO CIDLI, ASLEEP.

She slumbers.—O blessed sleep, rain from thy wings
Thy life-giving balm on her delicate frame;
And send thou from Eden's ambrosial springs
A few flashing drops of their crystallous flame,—

Then spread them, soft painter, upon her white cheek
Where sickness hath eaten the roses away;
Love's gentle refresher, Care's comforter meek,
Thou moon of sweet blessings, pour down the kind ray

To smile on my Cidli: she sleeps,—O be still,
Hush'd be thy soft-flowing notes, O my lyre,
Thy laurels mine anger shall scathe and shall kill,
If thou waken with murmurs my sleeping desire.

ON A LIKE OCCASION.

Asleep in the shade I found her:
With a garland of roses I bound her
She knew not what chain was around her
But slept with placid cheek:

I look'd on her; and my being
Was ravish'd with that sweet seeing,
I felt as if life was fleeing,
I felt, and could not speak.

I struggled to whisper,—she heard not;
I shook the rose-garland,—she stirr'd not;
I look'd, and my heart it err'd not;—
She woke from her beauteous sloth:

She look'd on me; and her being
Was ravish'd with that dear seeing;
We felt as if earth was fleeing,
And heaven about us both.

NELSON.

WELL hast thou done thy duty, gallant son;
What truer fame can greet a mortal's ear
Than duty's task heroically done?—
So are they hail'd, who better crowns have won:
Thou, to the patriot's soul so justly dear,
O let us blot thy failings with a tear,
And read alone the record of thy worth;
Man without pride, or hate, or fraud, or fear,
Who banish'd discord, and gave peace to earth,
Thine was the generous heart, though gentle, brave
The will to bless, the godlike power to save:
What nobler pæan can the poet raise?
A glorious life, an honourable grave,
Trafalgar, and Aboukir, be thy praise!

The last words of Nelson were alike worthy of the hero and of the Christian,—" I have done my duty; I thank God for it:" a just confidence and rare humility truly characteristic of the man. It is impossible to estimate too highly the services of Nelson, in destroying by his providential victories the fiery dragons of anarchy and atheism which then ravaged republican Europe: but for this illustrious agent of divine mercy we of fair Britain might now be groaning under the double yoke of foreign tyranny and religious persecution.

The private faults of Nelson admit of much palliation; but even were it otherwise his public virtues were of so gigantic a growth, that the aggregate recollections of him should be unmixed goodness and glory: who, in admiring a fine forest oak, thinks for a moment of the briar at its foot?

In reference to the character " man without pride," it should be remembered that Nelson's alleged foible was vanity; from pride no one could be freer; he was accessible and affable to the humblest: and even much of his imputed vanity may unstrainedly be ascribed to his proper feelings about rank and honour. Nelson's breast was not covered with stars and orders for mere show; but he loved to acknowledge a pro-

vidence in his glories, and to show his country that he valued her esteem.

The expressions, " without fraud, or fear," will be admitted instantaneously in respect of a man who served every body's interest but his own, and who knew not what fear was; but the " without hate," will appear a very paradox to those who remember that our great admiral used to tell his midshipmen to " hate a Frenchman as they did the devil." This hatred however was not personal, but political; revolutionary France was Nelson's just abhorrence; yet while he hunted her navies from sea to sea, launching his destroying thunders like a wrathful Jove, he knew well, as we have already seen in Marcellus, how to pity and to spare the individual foes: no act of cruelty, no exterminating massacre, no needless bloodshed stained his bright career: that hatred was directed against an organized system of evil and terror, and, for the sole sake of good and security, against the lives of its earthly agents. Hate a revolutionist,—a Danton, a Marat, a Robespierre, a Fouquier-Tinville,—as the devil; for they are of their father the devil, and the lusts of their father will they do: but in the routed, the drowning, or the captive, spare, save, love even le citoyen Français. So spake Nelson in his actions.

" The wooden walls of old England" were once her bulwarks by sea, and a stalwarth yeomanry her defence by land. But those halcyon times are over. Liberal policy, presuming on the absurdity of perpe-

tual peace, heedless of man's combative disposition, and scouting the phrase " this present evil world," has long discountenanced anything which savours of war. It is true, that, as a matter of worldly gain, it is still generously permitted; mercenaries are excusable on the ground of value received: but the puerile bubbles of exclusive patriotism, (saving always the claim of intestine disaffection,) have been long exploded. If our marine brethren of France insult us, we must bear it with fraternal humility; if a Russian navy hover about seas once our empire, we must meet them with all the courtesy of a kind Cosmopolite: in the midst of hostile preparation we must complacently look on, and hope to advance a social millennium by lulling our lion into slumber with the lamb. Meanwhile, and unto the same good end, we command that the plough-share be no more turned into the sword, nor interchangeably the spear into the pruning-hook;—go to,—the days of strife are ended, behold! the age of gold must be brought in. It is true, the bayonet is necessary, and an universal system of constraint more than expedient,—at home; our distant liberality overlooks all nearer objects, so we give the hand of fellowship to those whom our testy fathers counted enemies, and, retributively just, treat our own household as foes: Charity begins abroad; we reserve the cutlas and the bludgeon for starving Britons. Not so was it in the better olden-times, when the distinctions between rich and poor, high and low, were—despite our boasted levellings,—

marked out less invidiously; when there actually existed more true union among all ranks; when, from the proper and harmonizing principles of subjection and a regular gradation of dependence, there was more practical equality than brute force ever can attain; when the sun of kindness or of gratitude softened men into more brotherly freedom than the howling winds of riot ever can compel.—Alas, for England! her oak is cankered at the heart, the symptoms of her fall are gross upon the sight; the history of the world forewarns her dissolution, she is going the way of all nations,—"Suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit."

FELIX NEFF.

O BRIGHTER conquests in a better cause,
O nobler champion, O diviner fame!
To the dear honours of thy sainted name
A hallowing sympathy my spirit draws;
Come in, thou holy happy one, come in!
Why standest thou without,—triumphant shade,
Who well hast battled Misery and Sin,
And of the wilderness a garden made,
So blessing man, though meanest?—witness, Alps,
That rear o'er Dormeilleuse your icy scalps,
Witness, thou church of ages, thither driven,
A partridge hunted to the glacier chill,
Witness the pastor's praise, approving heaven,—
Witness it, earth!—Henceforth, my harp, be still.

To the successful warrior by land or by sea, our debt as patriots and members of society is doubtless very great, but to him who leads the van in the army of good against spiritual and moral evil, our obligations may truly be considered infinite. Such an one was Felix Neff, a modern name now worthily associated with all that Protestants venerate in the ancient church of the Waldenses. Full of zeal for religion, and burning with the sacred fire of philanthropy, careless of health, wealth, or personal comforts, the noble youth devoted his life to an exile more honourable than a throne: among the poorest, meanest, and most uncivilized of Europeans clothed in sheepskins and living in mud hovels, in the midst of scenes whose mountain grandeur is forgotten in their desolate sterility, where the brightest sun melts not the snow, and the storm, or torrent, or avalanche threatens continual death, toiled, for many years of self-inflicted penury and disease, this generous martyr in the cause of humanity. To their young pastor those primitive Alpines owed every thing; from "la culture des pommes-de-terre," to the rustic bridge, from the humblest menial instruction to cottage architecture, from the formation of a mountain road, to the removal of those yet rockier stumbling-

blocks that crowd the path to everlasting life, the descendants of those

> "slaughtered saints, whose bones
> Lie bleaching on the Alpine mountains cold,"

were indebted to one ardent and consumptive youth for all things that pertain either to life, or godliness.

And here, for our social instruction, let us take note of Neff's enlarged plan of education. He was not satisfied with teaching peasants merely to read and write; he thought it little charity to make useless scholars of men, who must hardly earn their daily bread; he felt his duty was not complete by giving the herdsman's son an education which, if unaccompanied by a knowledge more appropriate to his station, would only unfit him for the toilsome business of life: but, when the school-door was shut, when the little church built by himself no longer poured the prayer to heaven, as a censer of sweet savour on a hill, the humble pastor of the High Alps might be seen working on the road with a pickaxe, or in some newly reclaimed corner of a valley teaching its happier occupant to trench, to plant, to reap: nay, he encouraged and recommended the men to net, and the women to sew in the very church, (though not on the sabbath,) that while with their ears they were hearing the Gospel preached to the poor, with their hands they might be honestly providing for the needs of humbler manhood.

How fair a picture of unsophisticated Christi-

anity: alas, now that he is dead, (—" who would not weep for Lycidas?"—Rather with Bion, Δεῖ σε πάλιν κλαῦσαι, πάλιν εἰς ἔτος ἄλλο δακρῦσαι,)— how dreadful a gloom broods above Dormeilleuse, how dark a morn has broke upon Val Fressinière: truly, in the untaught poetry of those sorrowing peasants—" a gust of wind has extinguished the torch, which should have guided them across the precipice." Yet, not quite so cheerless is the scene: he that was "lovely in his life" has left behind him many likeminded, who still labour in carrying out his schemes of divine philanthropy. Such men as Martyn, Oberlin and Neff are in their deaths martyr's blood, the seed of truth, charity, and religion, that yet shall bear " an hundredfold."

" Henceforth, my harp, be still,"—like the fabled canorus ales, which died with the echoes of its sweetest song, in the midst of recollections so melodious to the heart rightly attuned, and while the music of so faultless a character yet lingers in thy strings, here let thine hymning cease. It may be long ere again thou shalt awaken with a " poscimur:" for we live at a time, when Poetry, like her holy elder sister Religion, finds few congenialities around with her own spiritual essence,—an age of short-sighted expediency, of infidel utilitarianism, of accounting man more as the human animal, than a moral being born for immortality. We are " fallen on the evil days and evil men" of mercantile maxims; the ' cui bono?' in every one's mouth is a question that

searches no farther than the body's good; we are taught to account of fame as "words, and words but wind," heedless that in "the noble minds," the greatest characters, it is the very might and mainspring of good,—"the spur which the clear spirit doth raise;" we no longer think it honour, "monstrari digito prætereuntium Fidicen," because in the gross reaping of daily cares and daily comforts we forget the delicate harvest growing up in the intellect and affections: many a bruised reed, there breathing out cassia, dies under the weight of common worldliness: the dock with its rank leaves hideth the sun from violets.

But, now, albeit the Preacher saith "Of making books there is no end," and that probably "the world could not contain books which might be written," yet happily there may be an end of one: we must hasten to our goal, ever a happy consummation; for, "Better is the end of a thing, than the beginning thereof," and a most wise heathen hath said, ἡδὺ τὸ τέλος,—sweet is the end,—for sweet is every fulfilment. Our brief list, our seventy, our septuagint of worthies, with One above the seventy, is complete: we have eschewed the μέγα βίβλιον, for all are agreed that a great book is a great evil: we have endeavoured to be of a Catholic yet honest spirit, and by exhibiting excellence and varieties of gifts in persons of all ages and of all countries, to subserve the honour of Universal Man; and everywhere our aim has been Truth. If so vast an induction of

superior humanity excite not some to Go and do likewise,—the force of good example is fabulous, our faith, and our labour alike are vain.

So, with an English word from the prince of rhetoricians, Aristotle, let the foregoing greetings take their leave of the reader with credit; "We have spoken,"—we hope, justly; "you have heard,"—we trust, favourably; "you have us"—at your mercy, "judge us"—in your candour: Εἰρηκα, ἀκηκόατε, ἔχετε, κρίνατε.

THE END.

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